WHY CHARLIE CHAPLIN IS SO FASCINATING TO WOMEN

MOVIE WEEKLY

JUNE 9, 1923

TEN CENTS

Why I Love Money
by
MAE MURRAY

Ann Pennington

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

No. 18 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. III
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

WILL RUSSIA'S RED HAND STRANGLE NEW MOVIE ?

Coming

Startling Facts

Out of the red heart of Russia, that has been dripping sanguinary drops of agony for the past five years, has come a woman—a beautiful woman and a Princess, who now proposes to lay bare that agony in a motion picture so that all the world may see. The picture is to be called—"Under the Red Terror."

In this picture will be portrayed the suffering of untold millions beneath the iron heel of communist oppression. The Bolsheviki, the military autocracy, that has ruled Russia with a mailed fist for the past five years, will be shown in the full bloom of its operation, from the nationalization of women, to the industrial impressment of men. It will all—every stark and hideous feature of it—be contained in "Under the Red Terror."

But!——

Will the menacing hand of Bolshevism reach out across miles in thousands and strangle the disclosures that "Under the Red Terror" will make? In next week's issue of Movie Weekly you will read the complete story of the beautiful Princess whose name was formerly linked with that of Illiodor, the mad monk, and who fled Russia and the persecution of its present rulers.

Movie Weekly has had no more startling, no more sensational and tremendous a story to offer its readers than that which will be contained in next week's issue.

Also

14 other features of interest to the fan.
DON'T MISS IT!

Contents

June 9th, 1923

	PAGE
Ann Pennington — *Cover Design*	
Mae Murray Talks of Money. *By Gladys Hall*	3
Chinese Bandits Inspired by Movies. *By T. Howard Kelly*	4
Embarrassing Moments (In Pictures)	6
Ruth Roland Says: "Take Marriage More Seriously." *By David A. Balch*	7
Samuel Goldwyn on Movies in the Small Town *By Thomas Tarrington*	8
Charlie Chaplin's Sweethearts. *By Grace Kingsley*	9
Edmund Lowe Discusses the Star System. *By Ruth Mabrey*	10
Gladys Feldman, Ziegfeld Girl, Goes Into Movies. *By Paul Rochester*	11
Harold Lloyd's Autobiography. (Part III.) *By Lawrence Langdon*	12
Finger Printing Screen Stars. *By Alma M. Talley*	13
Photoplay Reviews. *By Lewis F. Levenson*	14
Art Pictures: "Lefty" Flynn and Madge Kennedy	16
What Thomas Meighan's Face Shows. *By Vincent de Sola*	18
The Ragged Edge. *By Charles E. Dexter*	19
"Lovebound." A Drama of a Woman at Bay (In Pictures)	20
Life Story of a Movie Actress. *By Mary Jessop*	21
Whispers From the Studios	22
"The Exciters." *Fictionized by Edward Ettinger*	23
Where Fan Meets Fan	24
Beauty Hints and Fashion Notes.	25
The Colonel Answers Questions.	26

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.
(*Copyrighted* 1923 *by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.*)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2025

The Greatest THING MONEY CAN BUY

BY MAE MURRAY

Dainty screen star tells Movie Weekly *what life has brought her* and what she deems its greatest treasure

As related to Gladys Hall

MAE WAS sitting among her trunks. Shrouds were everywhere, upon grand piano, chaise lounges, floor lamps and all the accessories of "The French Doll's" apartment. Upstairs (it is a Duplex apartment), a maid was rattling tissue paper. Mae asked her to be kind enough to cease.

Mae was all in palest gray. It is the most becoming color Mae wears, and so she wears it. Which is fair enough.

Grand pianos and spilling trunks and intricate goldfish bowls and maids rattling tissue paper and pale gray costumes in the midst of moving, or was it settling, led us to consider the great and beneficent good of Having Money.

We wondered what, more than anything else, money had got for Mae. We decided to ask what is the greatest thing that money can buy. Mae has bought houses and apartments, jewels and gay clothes, motors and trips and luxuries, de luxe. Of all of these worldly goods which one is the greatest good. It may be well to know. One never surmises what the Future, sly jade, has in store for one. And if one SHOULD come into some dead uncle's fortune, or become a movie star, it might be convenient to have an opinion as to what would be the greatest thing to shop for.

PERHAPS, we thought waggishly, Mae will say "Rings for my fingers and bells for my toes," or something like that. Mae would look so tinkly and cute with bells on her toes. But that is neither here nor there.

Once, you know, Mae was very, very poor. She lived over on the East Side in New York and never had fruit out of season or anything. She lived with her grandmother, Mae did, and all the pleasure she had in life was standing on the outside of some toyshop looking in. Or dancing to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy, which is a very hard pastime on shoes when shoes are not bought at will.

"I have known the day," said *Miss Murray*, "when a five-dollar bill could change the face of the world for me."

But Mae loved to dance.

Then, later on, Mae was a chorus girl. Oh, just a regular chorus girl earning twenty-five dollars a week. And that isn't much, either. One must still stand on the outside looking in when one is seventeen and has only twenty-five dollars a week. Mae must have had time to do a lot of thinking about what she would want if her "ship" ever came in. And, as every good fan knows, her ship did come in. Its name was "The Movies."

SO WE said, after a little patter of this-and-that, "What is the greatest thing money can buy?".

"Peace of mind," Mae said, without thinking it over beforehand. "Peace of mind and freedom from worry about food, clothes and lodgings.

"Oh, but," we murmured, tearing our material mind away from such earthly considerations as Rolls-Royces and French gowns, etcetera, "do you mean, then, that one grows weary of buying *things?* Silks and satins? Frocks and fol-de-rols?"

"One doesn't get tired of the ability to buy them," Mae said, "but one does grow tired of the things themselves.

"I buy a chair, for instance. There it is. There it *always* is. Just the same. It is never larger or smaller. It is stationary. A ring, a bracelet, just the same. Always the same.

"The worth while things are the things that develop, that are a part of one.

"But I love money. I appreciate it, for I have known the day when a five-dollar bill could change the face of the world for me.

"I love it because it can buy you the priceless things; the things that are immaterial.

"It can buy you development.

"It can buy you time. Have you ever thought of that? *Money can buy you time!*

FREE TIME. Time to think in. Time to dream in. Time to create in. *Time to keep young in.*

"Women won't need the Steinach treatment nor facial surgery if they have time to be healthy in. Time to rest in and revitalize in.

"Women won't need to grow haggard with worry and old with contriving to make ends meet if they have peace of mind.

"Money can give you the joy of giving to others; giving happily, without pain to yourself.

"For me, money has meant peace of mind, and, as a result, the ability to work. Worry, the worry

(*Continued on page* 28)

CHINESE BANDITS, who HELD AMERICANS,

Daring outlawry within Chinese interior *conformed with best technique of screen* Jesse James---Leader is said to have conceived project while attending a movie in Shanghai :: *By* T. *Howard Kelly*

A scene from an old-time Western thriller, featuring *Jack Hoxie.*

FROM the wild and almost impenetrable mountains in Shantung, China, where slant-eyed barbarians held the terrorized passengers of the Shanghai-Pekin Express for ransom, there comes the astonishing report that a Western movie thriller is being blamed for this banditry that has rocked three continents.

A Chinaman, captured in the spectacular hold-up, and driven for miles under the blows of rifle butts and the savagery of the fiendish outlaws in company with the American and English victims, later made his escape. His familiarity with the mountainous country in which the brigands found a hiding place, enabled him to steal away under cover of darkness, but not before he overheard the bandit chief discussing the reason for the smooth, machine-like success of the daring train hold-up.

The leader, according to this escaped native's story, declared that he and his yellow accomplices had followed with exactness and precision the methods which were used by American outlaws in the Wild West era of railroad robberies. An old movie thriller furnished him with the technique of wrecking and holding up a railroad train, boasted the bandit chief.

White civilization has always been suspicious of the crafty intrigue employed by yellow culture, which, for thousands of years, preferred to live behind closed doors and a sinister wall, rather than come out into the open. It is for this reason that the first Caucasian investigators of this sensational criminal coup were unable to distinguish between truth and rumor relative to all the startling details which have been widely printed in the press of the world. So many stories to the effect that Americans and Europeans were being killed, maltreated, starved, beaten to death, sentenced to death, tortured, and that the women prisoners were being mistreated in the grossest manner were in circulation for a time, until no one knew just what to believe.

Movie Weekly has come into the possession of information through the medium of some strangely coincidental circumstances which follow a trail, far-flung and intricate—a trail that brings us to a day when a criminal-hearted Oriental found in a motion picture of ancient American vintage. inspirations which never before had moved in the swift, tempestuous blood of a Chinaman.

How Movie Weekly came into the possession of this information, and the startling information itself, form an interesting prelude to this exclusive feature which our magazine offers to its readers today.

Many readers will remember that, in the February 10th issue of Movie Weekly, I wrote a story describing how Japanese girls of exceptionally high caste had mistaken an American for Charlie Chaplin. A conversation ensued. This, in itself, was unusual, for ladies in the land of Nippon never speak to white strangers.

ANOTHER American, an eye-witness, gave me the facts for this story when he returned home a few months later to take charge of a Far East touring party. Before departing, I made arrangements with him to furnish Movie Weekly with any interesting picture news he might happen to encounter.

This man was just outside of Shantung when the bold train robbery and the capture of 150 passengers were perpetrated. Like all white men in the vicinity, he immediately interested himself in the effort to rescue the victims. It was while thus engaged that he obtained the escaped Chinaman's startling story.

For years the white race has unmistakably sensed the racial antagonism and hate which is bred in the heart of the yellow man against those whom he considers intruders and enemies. When the first missionaries unfurled the banners of Christ upon the shores of the Far East, there filtered back, time and time again, the stories of atrocities that shook white civilization with horror. Such atrocities were not the fiendish acts of outlaws; they were the cool, diabolical acts of a civilization which, content in its own squat ways of life and religion, refused to tolerate the presence of the white crusaders.

Therefore, it is not surprising, even today, in the dawning light of a new China, that this country should still breed a class of criminals from the spawn of its former hatred of white civilization, cruel and blood-thirsty enough to have committed the sin of the Shanghai-Pekin Express hold-up, crowded as it was with a passenger list of the hated whites.

Never before in the long history of Chinese crime has there ever been so brazen and brutal a piece of banditry as this wreck and hold-up. Robbers and outlaws in China's dark past had always followed their own sinister Oriental methods—inspired by a craftiness as cunning and mysterious as are the strange, unfathomable lights that peer out from the almond eyes masking the yellow man's duplicity.

Mongols of the type who held up the *Shanghai - Pekin Express* and abducted its passengers.

BUT IN this newest record of crime they actually forsook the ways of the Orient for the gun play of the Occident's once picturesque Wild West.

Newspaper accounts which fill our American papers for days tell the high points of this story, but so entangled was the swirling mass of contradictory rumors and unconfirmed theories produced by the situation that it did not fall to the lot of any newspaper correspondent to ascertain from whence came the bandits' inspiration for their sensational and daring plan. It has remained for Movie Weekly to supply this human interest material to the sensational plot.

The papers went on to make many deductions from this story. They said it indicated that the Chinese Government was apparently unable to protect foreigners within its boundaries from the outlaws who for centuries had trailed the lonely roads of the vast yellow Empire and held white men and women for ransoms of gold. They said it was a crime which brought near tragedy to the front door of the richest man in America.

Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister-in-law of John D.

up TRAIN and ABDUCTED Reported Inspired by Movie

Rockefeller, Jr., and her traveling companion, were among those robbed, beaten, and held prisoner by the bandits. So great became the anger of the nations of the world, that an ultimatum was sent to the Pekin Government, which resulted in a promise of the administration to pay the million dollar ransom demanded and thus secure freedom for the prisoners.

Not one newspaper expressed any wonder as to how the ignorant former soldiers, suddenly turned bandits, were ever able to stop a speeding express train at night, subdue 150 passengers, rob them, drive them into a strange, forbidding country and baffle pursuers for days and days.

Movie Weekly does more than propound such a question. It answers the question.

The answer is, according to the story of the escaped Chinaman, that this gang of cut-throats and robbers got its idea of the hold-up from the study of a Western picture, depicting a train hold-up. This picture, said to have been exhibited in Shanghai recently, was seen and studied by the yellow man who commanded the brigands. This crook, inspired by the methods of the American bandits, decided to put them into practice. Such is the definite inference to be drawn from the story which our correspondent pieced together on the outskirts of Shantung and relayed to us.

THERE is absolutely no doubt but that this hold-up was staged after the fashion employed by our Wild Western outlaws years ago. Printed reports state that the train was dashing along at a swift rate of speed, and the cars were in semi-darkness, when the passengers were shocked out of their sleep by the barking of guns and pistols, and the blood-curdling cries of the bandits, who appeared as if by magic in all of the sleepers at a simultaneous moment, covering their victims with cocked guns.

Helpless, the passengers were forced to crawl out of their berths and compartments, dressed only in their pajamas and night clothes, or else risk being shot down. Shortly after, they were all made prisoners; the train was brought to a dead stop. The engine was cut off and driven away after the fashion of the Wild West train robberies. Then the prisoners were herded together for the gruelling fate that awaited them.

"The march from the scene of the ghastly nightmare began. The brigands wielded their rifle butts right and left, forcing the weary prisoners onward with blows and curses. The cries of hysterical women and frightened children rang through the darkness. It was pitch black night. There was no moon. But even in the ugly shadows, the white men were powerless to struggle against their captors, who made it obvious that they would stop at no form of brutality or outrage to effect their purpose."

SUCH was the description of the aftermath of the hold-up as given by an American who made his escape when a guard fell asleep, miles and miles from the scene of the crime.

Movie Weekly made a sincere effort to ascertain the title of the Western thriller which the Chinese chieftain followed in planning and executing the Shanghai-Pekin Express hold-up, but inasmuch as our informant, and all others who tried to approach the bandit camp, were held off at rifle range, there was absolutely no chance to check up on this matter.

It is to be sincerely hoped that pictures of this nature will cease to exist and thus remove whatever menace they may present to the underworlds of foreign countries, where enough of the business of crime is already known without learning anew from the civilization of the Western world.

So far as it is known, pictures of the old Western type are no longer in circulation, except in the most isolated instances. As a matter of fact, any that are still going the rounds are only re-issues of old gun play films, and as they have no entertainment qualities for our audiences, it is highly probable that they were exported to China and other countries where movie standards are very low.

Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister of *Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,* who was captured by the *Chinese* brigands.

The country into which the bandits retreated with their *American* prisoners.

THIS IS not a situation for the censors to harp on or for picture enemies to capitalize into propaganda against the motion picture industry. The picture at fault in this unfortunate instance is not at all representative of the modern film producer's aims or ambitions. The Western thriller has died in the realms of progressive moviedom. In this instance, it was the evil ghost of a dead past that was at work!

What fresh depredations may result in the land of the Yellow Man from inspiration such as this, it is impossible to foretell, but swift, punitive action by the Chinese Government will probably have its salutary effect. A most unfortunate feature of the movie-inspired Chinese bandits' outlawry is their failure to profit from the moral most Western thrillers contain where the bad man ultimately gets his neck stretched by a rope.

My Most Embarrassing Moment in the MOVIES

Seeing that heavenly expression on *Charles Ray's* face in *"The Tailor Made Man"* reminds us of the man who could waltz to heaven, but simply couldn't reverse.

Now that "chokers" are in style, *Aileen Pringle* tries one on *Lew Cody* in *"Souls for Sale."* And it isn't made of diamonds, either!

inasmuch as *Viola Dana* wears a riding habit, in *"Crinoline and Romance," John Bowers* and *Allan Forrest* seem right in thinking she shouldn't have to walk.

Stan Laurel's a bearcat when it comes to getting into embarrassing situations. This one occurs in *"The Pest."*

The villain in *"The Bright Shawl"* tries to make *Richard Barthelmess* feel like thirty cents. But he refuses to feel like anything less than a dollar and a half.

Young People Don't Take Marriage Seriously Enough"

says Ruth ROLAND

"The modern girl is full of great big ideas," said *Ruth Roland*. "She feels that a man is carpet under her feet."

Well known screen star declares that *frivolity is the rock* upon which most marriages split—Says matrimony is most *serious business of life*

By David A. Balch

AS WE came treading swiftly down the corridor of the Hotel Biltmore, following Ben Conlon, the publicity hound, and a young woman rose from a settee to greet us with a deep breath and a bright smile, we knew before anyone told us, that it was Ruth Roland. You never could mistake the splendid, free, athletic movement of the star of a thousand thrillers, nor the infectiously cordial character of her smile.

"I've just got back from the Coast," she told us in an easy, friendly way. "And I've been doing nothing save visiting the shops and seeing plays."

"You say that as though New York were your home," we remarked, as we waved Ben Conlon good-bye, and turned to escort Miss Roland into the Biltmore's dining room.

"It isn't," she protested quickly. "I was born and brought up in San Francisco."

We placed ourselves at a small table containing a single pink rose in a slender cut-glass flower holder. An orchestra played gaily nearby, and we felt contented for the nonce, at least.

"Well," we said casually, "we guess New York is always home to anyone who has ever known it at all well. It's the hub of the wheel, really, and after revolving around the outer parts, it always seems natural to return to the center."

And having delivered ourselves of this bit of wisdom, we sat back and prepared to listen. It did not prove to be at all difficult.

"Yes," Miss Roland agreed, "I like New York and I shouldn't find it a hardship to live here."

"Well, that's more than we can say of some other large cities we might mention," we told her. "Which reminds us of something Madge Kennedy once said. We remarked to Miss Kennedy that it was curious how many people living elsewhere professed to hate New York.

"'Until they *move* here,' Miss Kennedy replied quickly."

MISS ROLAND laughed.

"That's very true," she returned. "Well, I don't, and I don't mind telling anyone that I'm glad to be back here again."

We looked at her sitting opposite in the dining room's broad daylight, and, observing the clear, fresh skin and sparkling eyes, we thought of the strenuous character of her work in pictures and guessed that there must be something in this physical culture stuff, after all.

"Are you back to stay," we inquired, "or is it just for a visit, and then Los Angeles again and another serial?"

But Miss Roland shook her head.

"No," she replied, "I'm not going to do another serial right away. I want to do something serious—something more in the way of a regular feature picture."

We watched her as she talked to us from her place opposite and suddenly it occurred to us that here was a woman about whom little really was known. She had been extolled and publicized to the skies as a serial star, but as a real-honest-to-goodness, regular woman, little, it seemed, had been said. It also occurred to us that here might be a good time to say it.

DO YOU know, Miss Roland," we began, "that very little of the real Ruth Roland is known to the public? Everyone knows the Ruth Roland of stunts and serial fame, but it seems to us that the public, generaly, does not know you as you really are."

"Yes," Miss Roland agreed pensively, "that is true. Besides, how does one make the public know one as she really is?"

We measured her with our eye. It was a great opportunity to be oracular.

"By talking," we said slowly and impressively, "about things that lie nearest to the public's heart: like love and dress and marriage."

Miss Roland considered us quietly for a space, thinking, it was evident, deeply. At last she spoke

(*Continued on page* 28)

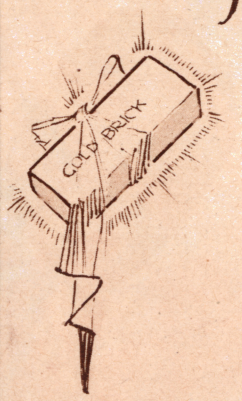
Why New York's opinion of PICTURES is now worthless

by SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Well known producer declares that Broadway no longer sets film standards for the entire country and tells why

As related to Thomas Tarrington

Samuel Goldwyn, who will shortly produce "*Potash and Perlmutter*" on the screen.



WAY OUT yonder in "the sticks," as some New Yorkers contemptuously refer to certain other rural communities, a great change has taken place. The "sticks," as the small towns and villages are known to the wise ones, have revolted. They have decided to cast off the tradition of New York's stamp of approval on the movies. They see and regard it as quite utterly worthless.

For they have learned in "the sticks," that more often than not the Broadway standards of entertainment are not their standards and henceforth if they are to enjoy their evenings spent at the movies, they must abjure the film products that come to them bearing New York's seal of approval.

At least that is what Samuel Goldwyn contends, and Mr. Goldwyn is a man who is qualified to know. The founder of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and a heavy stockholder in the Capitol Theatre, New York, Mr. Goldwyn's opinion on the movies in cities and out is always a thing to receive with respect.

We talked with Mr. Goldwyn one day recently. He had delivered himself of some colorful statements concerning the difference in taste that exists between the urban and the suburban and we were curious to know how much more he had to say about it.

"Then you feel, Mr. Goldwyn," we asked, "that Main Street is at last in open revolt to Broadway?"

"I do," he replied in his tense, nervous manner. "For years producers have been making pictures to the order of Broadway and nothing more. Everyone along the Rialto thought and told the world that Broadway was the boss of the amusement business in this country, and having said this, they let it go at that. But recent events have brought a change.

"Now, if a picture receives the glad hand on Broadway, it is just as likely to get the ice pitcher in 'the sticks.' In other words, the boys on the farm are no longer willing to accept the stuff that the city slickers send them as one hundred per cent entertainment. The small towners everywhere have decided that they themselves are the best judges of what they want, after all, and having decided this, they are acting accordingly."

THERE'S been a Bolshevist uprising?" we interrupted.

"Positively!" Mr. Goldwyn shot back. "Main Street has told Broadway to go down to Coney and take a swim for itself before it again attempted to pass judgment on pictures for points north and west of Yonkers.

"As a practical illustration of this," Mr. Goldwyn continued, "there are countless movies that have recently been 'smashes' on Broadway, but which flopped lamentably in the small towns. That tells the tale in a nutshell. What constitutes a good movie on Broadway very often is a bust now on Main Street."

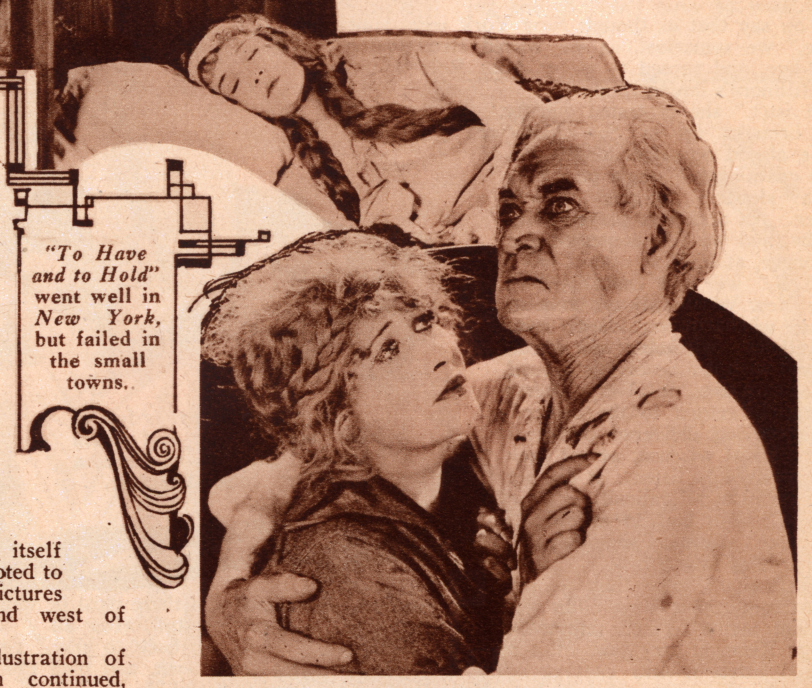
We accepted this statement cautiously with our usual safety first ear to the carpet.

"Can you think of any," we queried, "that bear out what you say?"

"I can," he flashed back instantly. "Take 'To Have and to Hold.' That picture had an exceptionally good week at the Capitol, but it came to grief out where the cows begin. The small cities and towns would have none of it.

"'Down to the Sea in Ships' is another instance of a picture that has done well in New York, but which is a comparative failure elsewhere. And 'The Old Homestead,' which was credited by the New York critics with being a fine production in every way, was coldly and indifferently received by the rest of the country. And Famous Players considered it as one of their most promising pictures.

ON THE other hand," Mr. Goldwyn went on, "there are pictures that fare well on Main Street, but which fail on Broadway. Take 'Hearts Aflame.' 'Hearts Aflame' created a veritable uproar in small towns such as Fitchburg and Hudson, Massachusetts; and Newburgh and Peekskill, New York, but it came to the Rialto Theatre here and met with the most solid indifference. So, you see, it's a curious sort of gamble."



"To Have and to Hold" went well in *New York*, but failed in the small towns.

***"Hearts Aflame"* created an uproar in the small towns, but failed utterly in *New York*.**

"Tell us, Mr. Goldwyn," we said, "why in your opinion this situation obtains in just this form. Why doesn't the same picture, if it's a good picture, receive the same reception everywhere?"

"It will, if it's a particularly good picture," he answered. "But there are few of those. For the

(*Continued on page* 28)

What is Charlie CHAPLIN'S *secret for Fascinating Women?*

HIS OLD SWEETHEARTS TELL

Old time *sweethearts* of famous screen comedian *reveal his fatal powers* of fascination where women are concerned

By Grace Kingsley

Pola Negri, who is engaged to marry *Charlie Chaplin.*

CHARLIE seems to know how to win them and how to make them all suffer!" declared Miss Ina Claire, star of "The Awful Truth," in the course of an interview while on a visit to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

You fans all over the world who know only the Charlie Chaplin of the baggy trousers and funny hat, Charlie, the pantaloon, the man of funny antics—especially you fans who do not realize the real cleverness and artistry of Charlie, but who laugh most when he falls down—these fans are wondering, quite candidly, what all the ladies see in him.

For certainly Charlie has had a string of lovely women on his staff.

But the woman who has come under his personal spell never asks that question.

And what an amazing feat to leave all these ladies with no bitter rankling in their souls!

However, that's another story.

What is this charm of Charlie's that seems so irresistible? I use the word advisedly. I have never known a girl or woman from sixteen to forty whom, if Charlie wished, he could not charm. Even sometimes when he doesn't wish it at all, as in the case of the Mexican girl, Marina Vega, who recently ran away from her husband in Mexico to come to Hollywood because she had fallen in love with the comedian on the screen! Those who think that was any sort of a press-agent stunt on Charlie's part, don't know him! He blushes and looks as if he were going to fall through the floor if you mention her.

"I shall always be glad to have had *Charlie's* love and friendship," said *Claire Windsor.*

I HAVE been in parties and at cafes when Charlie Chaplin was present. Inevitably, if he singled out a girl for his attentions, she smiled on him. And it couldn't have been his position in the film world solely that caused the response, because usually there were movie magnates present who could have put it all over Charlie Chaplin when it came to power in the film world.

Charlie has in the last degree that personal charm, that magnetism, that wins everybody around him. Even when he grows temperamental at his work, people around merely stand back and let him have his way. They feel no resentment. And I believe this is partly due to his impersonal attitude even during his temperamental outbreaks. He never makes any one person feel that he, said person, is to blame for anything that has gone wrong.

So much for his general charm.

I remember a delightful tete-a-tete supper I had with the comedian one night. I found Charlie eagerly interested in everything in the world, from the new style buckles on my shoes, to big international questions. The interested person is always interesting. That is one of Charlie's charms.

Maybe his greatest charm is the combination of his tremendous magnetism and his power of making you feel when he is with you, or even if he meets you only casually, that you are the only person in the world! How we all love that?

"There is something child-like about *Charlie,* "says *Miss Kingsley,* "that appeals to the maternal in a woman and wins her heart."

There is a warmth of concentration in his manner, a brilliant graciousness, an adroit tact, an instant response to your every mood, a sense of humor that lies on tap beneath the surface every second, that is completely winning.

Then there is something child-like about Charlie that appeals to the maternal in a woman and wins her heart.

Yet all the while Charlie is apparently striving to put you at your ease, to make you happy, you feel a certain masculine dominance about him. And his brilliant quips and quirks of talk, his managing to keep a couple of laps ahead of you all the time in your discussions of whatsoever subject, keeps the zest of your conversation from flagging even for an instant.

I BELIEVE that one reason Charlie withdraws instinctively from too much meeting of the public—and he does that, you know—is because of the fact that he simply cannot meet anyone, however humble, without giving himself out to that person. That is wearing in the course of a life like his, where everybody is crazy to meet him.

Charlie, by the way, has an equal charm for both men and women.

I have known fairly well all the young actresses to whom Charlie has paid marked attention, and I do hope they will consider it no breach of confidence if I relate some of the things they have said regarding the charm of the comedian.

"I met Charlie Chaplin first at a tea given by a society woman on Fifth Avenue in New York," said Mae Collins to me, "and right away I thought he was the most charming man I had ever met. He seemed so interested in everything I was doing. He was so thoughtful and tactful about everything. He rushed me a great deal, right from the first, and he was such a wonderful playfellow. He had such a sense of humor—such a gay little way of fooling—such a whimsical idea about things! Charlie loved to wander down to the foreign part of town, where all the funny little shops are. We'd pretend we were poor, and lived there, and had no car, and nothing nice in life. We'd say that we wished we had a car, and we'd look at the cheap jewelry in the window, and Charlie would say he wished he could buy me such-and-such a thing. It was Charlie's power to play, to light up the meanest things with his golden imagination, that first made me like him. I think all women take life too seriously. And they love a man who can lighten life's burdens for them in this gay way. But he loves books and so do I. So we had our lively arguments over things, too."

(*Continued on page* 28)

"Mix a Little Brains with Your Beauty", advises Edmund Lowe

Popular leading man discusses the *essentials of screen art* and tells what he thinks are the *requirements of a movie star*

By Ruth Mabrey

"A screen player, to do justice to a role, must have something in her head," *Mr. Lowe* insists.

ALL THE girls all over the good old U. S. A., whose sweethearts whisper to them in the moonlight that they are beautiful and that Mary Pickford has nothing on them, had better think twice before they take the train for Hollywood. Even if one is as beautiful as one's sweetheart says she is—and sweethearts are often a bit prejudiced—it takes more than beauty to succeed on the screen. With competition so keen, the beautiful but dumb kind are likely to get left when stellar honors are being passed about.

Edmund Lowe has some very decided ideas about movies and how they could be improved.

We were having luncheon at the Fox studio, where Mr. Lowe is playing the male lead in J. Gordon Edwards' next big special, as yet unnamed. As for the thrilling question, girls, of whether or not he is better looking off the screen than on—my guess would be yes. But his face was so buried in studio make-up—layers and layers of yellowish powder, with red on his eyelids—it was hard to tell just what he does look like. He wore a naval officer's uniform, and was really a very dashing figure.

"Do you always play naval officers?" I asked him, having seen him before in that capacity on the stage. "I suppose they cast you that way because you look so handsome in a uniform."

We paused to study the menu and wavered over steak and onions.

"Go ahead and get them," he urged. "I promise not to kiss you." He grinned broadly and ordered coffee for himself, that being all the lunch his scheme of things calls for.

We got down to the serious business of movies and Mr. Lowe began speaking of the value of education and brains in pictures.

"It's almost impossible for a screen player to do justice to a role unless he or she has something in her head. We need education in the movies. For instance, when one is playing a historical picture, how can the player get into the spirit of the thing if he doesn't know anything about history? You have to put yourself into the mood of the time when the story takes place. In order to play a character properly, you have to know something about that character in history. If he was a bold, swaggering type, you must make him so."

Edmund Lowe and *Betty Compson* in a tense scene from *"The White Flower."*

MR. LOWE paused to light a cigarette.

"Some of our directors are as badly in need of brains as some of the players," he went on. "It's a joy to work with a director like Mr. Edwards, who knows just what he is doing and does it without a lot of wasted effort. He doesn't grope around trying to assemble his ideas.

"One director I worked with once stopped and scratched his head trying to get the idea he wanted. 'Now what I want here,' he said, 'is a sort of pear-shaped thought.'" And Mr. Lowe illustrated in imitation of the director.

I looked at him in amazement.

"He really said it," Mr. Lowe assured me. "So you see, it's obvious that movies need a little brains behind them.

"I don't believe in the star system, either," he went on. "Stars are very bad for pictures because the stories are subordinated to the stars. A company, instead of selecting a good story, will select one that has a role for Miss So and So. And sometimes the story is all garbled to make her role bigger and showier.

"I'm perfectly sincere when I say that I prefer playing in a cast which includes a number of featured players, than playing in a picture with a star."

"Even if you were the star?" I queried.

"Yes!" he said emphatically. "A cast made up of featured players presents a picture much more competently than one in which the star is supported by a lot of mediocre players."

WE GLANCED over at Mr. Edwards' table as Mr. Lowe had to go back on the set whenever Mr. Edwards was ready.

"I have to go back and get soused now," Mr. Lowe said.

I raised my eyebrows in surprise and he hastened to explain. "I have to fall in the water," he said, "and get good and wet, but we're doing that the last thing in the afternoon, so I can get into dry clothes immediately."

Mr. Edwards got up from luncheon and Edmund took the cue.

"Here's where I go back and get vamped," he said. For it seems Alma Tell, as the neglected wife, has Edmund Lowe taken away from her by Martha Mansfield. Only the story is more complicated than that.

"We had a wonderful time in Panama on location for this picture," said Mr. Lowe. "Nice and warm on the cold winter days."

"You picture actors certainly have a soft time of it," I said. "Palm Beach or thereabouts in the winter and way up north in summer."

"And we were in Jamaica, too," he added, just to make me envious.

"Where all the rum comes from," I remarked, just to show that I knew all about spirits and believed in them. "And speaking of good spirits brings us back to the girls and their movie ambitions. You don't believe, I see, in the stars who are beautiful but so dumb they could use a vacuum cleaner to sweep the cobwebs out of their brains?"

"There undoubtedly are people in pictures who have so much charm and personality that they 'get by' on very little brains. But such cases are infrequent and are probably becoming more and more so."

"The face with the brain wins, now," I said. "Dumb Dora will soon be relegated to the gymnasium with the other dumb-bells."

At least that is what we all hope for in the movies—brains mixed with beauty.

"Well," I said, in parting, "perhaps I had better warn all beauties who yearn for a movie career that they must mix a little brains with their beauty."

But, on second thought, maybe such a warning to Movie Weekly readers would be entirely superfluous. There isn't a dumb one in the bunch.

Former Ziegfeld Beauty becomes MOVIE STAR—on STAGE

Gladys Feldman, as *Beulah Baxter*, and *Glenn Hunter*, as *Merton*, in "*Merton of the Movies.*"

Gladys Feldman, who once won honors as a star in musical comedy, is _now a movie star_—but not on the screen

By Paul Rochester

IF YOU know your "Merton of the Movies," you can't fail to remember Beulah Baxter. Beulah is Merton's divine goddess, the fair star of stars, the daring actress with whose screen image Merton falls in love, until he discovers that she is safely married to a stodgy film producer and that she hires "the Montague girl" to double for her when there is a chance of getting her feet wet.

I met Beulah Baxter the other day. And I found that in this instance, real life is just about as far away from fiction as real life usually is.

The Beulah Baxter of the play and the novel is the movie star at her snobbish worst, the movie star who pretends that she is just about 500 per cent more exclusive than any Royal Head of Europe. The girl who plays Beulah Baxter (Gladys Feldman is her name), is, strangely enough, one of those rare actresses who have so much sense that it seems difficult to think of them as actresses.

Gladys Feldman, for instance, may be found in a truly beautiful home, in truly beautiful Mamaroneck, five minutes' distance from the D. W. Griffith studio. She is surrounded with luxury, but tasteful luxury. Her story? Let her tell it herself:

"I came from Chicago to New York when I was twelve years old," she told me. "I had no intention of going on the stage, but when I was a little older, mother and I were interested in a novelty for theatre seats, a means for hanging women's hats on the backs of seats.

SALESMANSHIP made it seem suitable that I, a young girl, would have a better chance of showing the novelty than a man or an older woman, and so I went to the Shubert office. I was waiting in the foyer when a man stuck his head out of an office door.

"'Step right in,' he said.

"'I'm looking for Mr. Berg,' I replied.

"'Oh, that's all right. I can do as well.'

"When I entered the office, he asked me if I wanted an engagement right away.

"'For the stage?' I demanded.

"'Why, certainly. How much do you want a week?'

"'Twenty-five dollars,' I said, happily.

"The man was Lee Shubert. And that was how I got into the show business. I played in several musical shows after that, but two years later I went into the Follies."

The Follies, Miss Feldman was eager to explain to me, mean one of two things to a girl. If she has good sense and ability, she can emerge from their ranks a successful actress in whatever line she chooses. "I, for instance, was with the Follies for four years. Sometimes I had a specialty, sometimes I did not. One year I was a member of the special set of show girls, six in number, among whom were Marion Davies and Justine Johnstone.

"A *Follies* girl," said *Miss Feldman*, "can either become the prey of men .... or the friend of men."

BUT I saw something else than an artistic career at that moment. A Follies girl, as well as any other actress, can either become the prey of men, or the friend of men. Men flock to the Follies, and in those days the line of Rolls-Royces and other limousines extended for a block from the stage door. A girl acquires friends, if she proves herself the equal of those friends. And if she has business acumen, something I pride myself that I do possess, she can learn how to invest her money and how to make it grow.

"I soon found myself a regular follower of Wall Street. Edna Goodrich and I used to go down to the Street at ten o'clock every morning. Our investments grew, and last year I found myself able, for the first time, to turn away from speculating and toward developing my artistic career.

"In the meantime, I was fortunate on the stage. I went away from the Follies to 'The Gold-Diggers,' and was with that play for its run of nearly two years. Then I went into pictures and played in an all-star cast, making 'Shams of Society,' something which gave me good screen experience. Now I am again in a play which is having a long run, 'Merton of the Movies,' and when its run is over, I hope to be able to go on the screen for a time."

(*Continued on page 29*)

"GO WEST, Young Man!"

Harold Lloyd laughs and the world laughs with him.

Third *Fascinating instalment* of the famous *movie comedian's own story* in which he tells how he *climbed the ladder* from poverty to success

Written in *collaboration* with *Lawrence Langdon*

His story up to the present instalment:

Harold Lloyd was born in Burchard, a small town in Nebraska. His parents were hard-working, but very poor, and, at the age of eight, Harold found it expedient to sell newspapers in order to help out the family exchequer. When the Lloyd family moved to Beatrice, a town too small to even maintain a newspaper, the young wage-earner took to selling popcorn to the workers in the factories near his home—his mother doing the popping. But again the little business was broken up when the family moved to Omaha.

Harold, always interested in anything that savored of the theatre, often played actor, using the household furniture for props. While watching a window demonstration of "magic" one day, the future great comedian met John Lane O'Connor, a well-known stock actor, to whom he confided his plans and ambitions. Through Mr. O'Connor, Harold received his first glimpse of the mysteries of back stage—the forerunner of many succeeding visits. The result of these visits was that Harold was eventually given a chance with Mr. O'Connor's company, his first part being that of Abraham in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles. He became a regular salaried actor because of his good work in this part, playing in many plays, notably "The Little Minister" and "Lovers' Lane." It was here in Omaha, too, that young Lloyd met the late Frank Bacon, famous as the originator of the part, Lightnin' Bill Jones, in the Broadway success, "Lightnin'."

Harold was now fourteen. A relative bequeathed $3,000 to his father, who decided to move again, putting it up to Harold to decide where they were to go. Harold suggested that they toss a coin—heads to California—tails to New York.

HEADS!

We were going to California!

Feverishly we packed our belongings, gave up our home, bought tickets for the Coast. A week later we were on the train. Mother went to Denver, where her mother, who was not well then and needed her attention, lived. One morning we woke under sunny California skies, and with bright faces and smiling eyes, we carried our bags through the Southern California city with its broad-leafed palm trees and its luxurious flowers. My father decided he wanted to go into business for himself. He was tired, he said, of working for others. Of course, he was unable to go into the one line with which he was familiar, sewing machines, for that required more capital than we possessed. He finally decided to open a little restaurant, and we agreed that I should go to high school pending the outcome of his investment.

But my path was not to be so easy as I had expected. Father's choice of a business was not a good one. He knew little of conditions in San Diego. He had selected a store at a location which was unsuited for a restaurant. Day by day his funds shrank. Eventually came another fateful moment when he informed me that again I would have to contribute my efforts toward keeping the family larder supplied. So I went to work once more.

I did not give up school. I wanted to learn all that I could, and I made up my mind that even if I had to work twenty-four hours a day, I would still devote as much of my time as possible to learning. I told O'Connor of our difficulties, and he engaged me as an instructor in his dramatic school. At one time I had five jobs, if you call going to school a job. In addition to my work at O'Connor's school, I assisted his professor of fencing, helped dad in his restaurant, and played in stock at the Spreckels Theatre.

Everything seemed muddled. Apparently I was getting nowhere. I was neither flesh nor fish, actor, student, or business man. When, through O'Connor's offices, I obtained an engagement with the stock company, my old ambitions for a stage career were renewed. I had continued my study of make-up; I thought I had been observant, thought I had learned much from the actors whom I watched applying the grease paint and powder, and I had developed away from the juvenile type, so that I thought I would eventually succeed as a character actor.

But even in this direction my plans were frustrated. The Spreckels Stock Company gave me first the role of the son in "The Count of Monte Cristo," then that of Tonga the Indian in "Sherlock Holmes"; and also a prominent role in "Doctor Jekyl and Mr. Hyde."

IT WAS hardly necessary to be a great actor in order to play such parts with that company. No one bothered to criticize me. I continued to think that I was entirely successful in my interpretations. My head grew and grew until I was so satisfied with my work that I should have been not at all unwilling to dare confront a New York manager and demand from him any character part in any production he happened to be thinking of putting on. If it had not been for O'Connor, I suppose I should have drearily gone my way, becoming a worse and worse actor with each new play I acted and with each increase in the girth of my head. But O'Connor and an amateur high school play sufficed to prick my vanity and reduce it to nothingness.

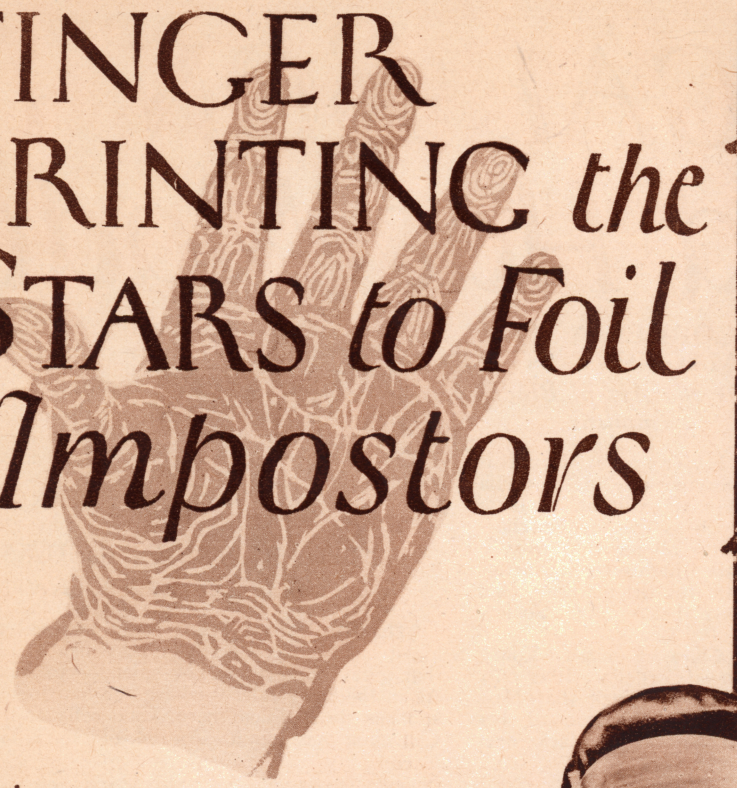
One of O'Connor's duties at the high school was to put on from time to time a school production. While I was there he decided to stage "Going Some." "Going Some" is a story of a bunch of college boys. It is almost farce, fast, with plenty of pep. Because of my experience, O'Connor naturally selected me for the leading role.

On the legitimate stage I had always played secondary parts, and so had not been able to bask in the glory which redounds upon the leading man. In my youthful way I had envied those leading men, matinee idols, worshipped by women.

And now in my school I was to be a leading man. I was to be a hero. I was to win the girl in the end. More important still, I was to be the great actor of the production, the actor with the longest role, the most difficult work. With each rehearsal of "Going Some," my vanity increased until it was at the bursting point. I began to lord it over my associates, to look down upon them

(*Continued on page* 30)

FINGER PRINTING the STARS to Foil Impostors



Movie company on west coast employs *unique device to safeguard players* against fraudulent misrepresentation

By Alma M. Talley

HIST! Do you want to hear some Hollywood gossip? About Claire Windsor, Marie Prevost, and Monte Blue? Something that will surprise you?

All right, then. Here it is.

Their finger prints are on record—Claire's and Marie's and Monte's.

Horrors! Has it come to that? Is that the latest movie scandal?

But wait—before you jump to any unjust conclusions. Jumping is out of order, and anyway, the old song, "His picture's in the gallery, it's number ninety-nine," is entirely out of place on this occasion.

They're not rogues at all, these stars who had their finger prints recorded. They were merely being roguish for the occasion.

The truth is—always tell the truth, our motto is—they did it for self-protection. Convicts are finger-printed to protect society from them. But the stars were finger-printed to protect themselves from society.

It's all because the poor stars are always being misrepresented. Some girl may discover that she looks like Mary Pickford, blonde curls and everything, and then what could be simpler than to go to some small town and claim to be Mary? The inhabitants, having seen Miss Pickford only on the screen, might never know the difference.

That's about what happened some months ago to Anna Q. Nilsson. It was announced that Miss Nilsson was to make a personal appearance at a certain picture theatre in a small city and the town turned out in large numbers to see her. The actress who appeared looked like Miss Nilsson, walked like Miss Nilsson, and for all any of the audience knew the difference, might have talked like Miss Nilsson. But a buzz went around the audience that it wasn't Miss Nilsson. And there was a loud discussion—was it, or was it not?—till finally the controversy was settled by an announcement from Anna Q. Nilsson herself that it was not she.

In Hollywood there is a girl who looks so much like Helene Chadwick that she is constantly spoken to on the street by friends of Miss Chadwick. All harmless enough, but some of the friends in question might be inclined to wonder why their greeting was not returned.

Some months ago a young man got off a train at New Orleans and was almost carried off his feet by an enthusiastic crowd. He spluttteringly protested that he didn't know what all this excitement was about and learned that they mistook him for Rudolph Valentino, whom they had expected on that train. The young man was put to no end of trouble before he finally convinced the overzealous crowd that he was not the screen star, but a perfectly commonplace man who had come to visit his aunt.

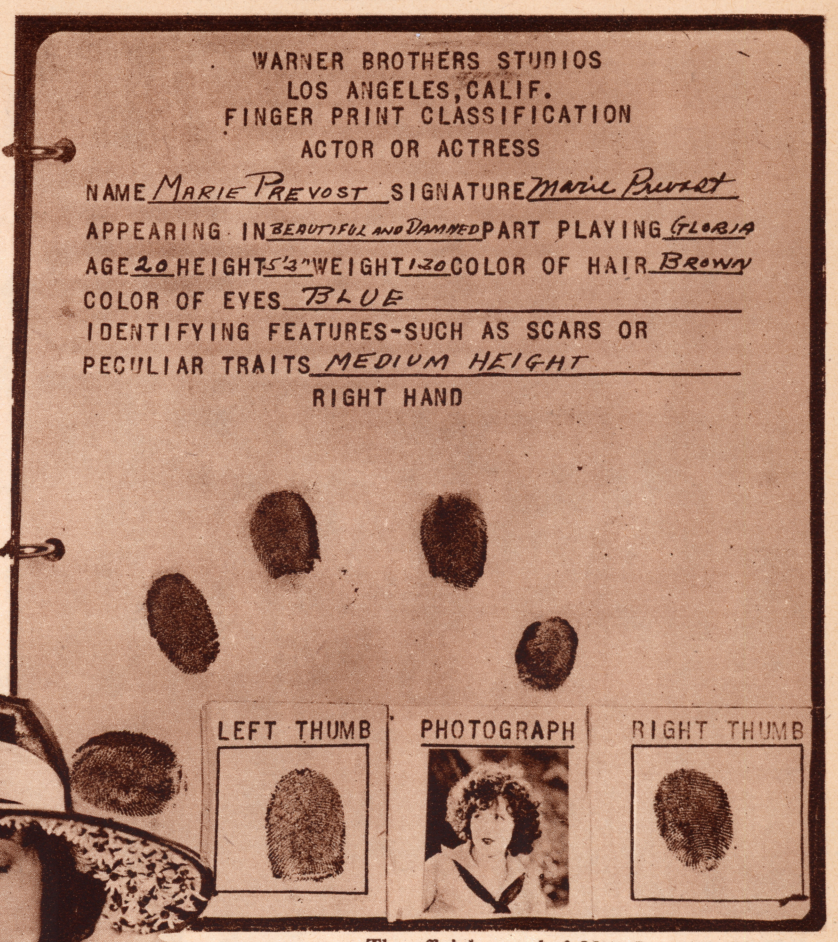
BUT THE real trouble comes to screen stars when some impostor registers at a hotel or attempts to pass off checks in the name of some celebrity. Often, for instance, jewels or clothes are bought at some well-known store by someone representing herself to be a screen star, to whose account the purchase is charged. This impostor business often involves a celebrity in not only financial wrangles but in scandals as well.

So in order to put a stop to complications of this sort, Warner Brothers decided to finger-print their stars. What better protection could they want than to carry their finger prints about with them as a sort of passport? Any dispute as to whether they are or are not the persons they represent themselves to be can always be settled at once, by the good old finger-print method. Thus it was decided.

So Marie Prevost with her usual roguish smile stepped forward to have her whorls and lines recorded—we refer to her hands!—and Claire Windsor and Monte Blue stepped up beside her.

Will the other producing companies follow the lead of Warner Brothers, and will the finger-print system wind up in a whirl of thumb impressions of movie stars and other movie actors? And will the cry of "Camera!" be preceded always by "All out for finger-print exercise?" Well, one never knows, but next time we try conclusions with the casting director, we'll be sure to bring our prettiest and most impressive collection of finger prints with us—because stars are stars—even to their finger prints!

***Marie Prevost*, well-known screen star, in the act of being "finger-printed."**



The official record of *Miss Prevost's* "finger-printing" is shown here, as it appears in the *Warner Brothers'* studio files.

"The PRODIGAL SON" is England Has Made

Huntley Gordon cross-examines *Clara Kimball Young* in *"Cordelia the Magnificent."*

"THE PRODIGAL SON"
Hall Caine's Novel Dramatized

The English have at last produced a film of which they may be justly proud. "The Prodigal Son," fashioned after the novel written by Sir Hall Caine, is an exceptional piece of screen drama.

The weaknesses of the film are those of the novel, which it follows almost too closely. The virtues of the film are the exceptional acting of the entire cast and the absence of that recourse to formula which is the bane of so many American pictures.

"The Prodigal Son" has no pluperfect hero. Oscar Stephansson is entirely human. He becomes infatuated with a girl unsuited to him, he lies, he cheats, he forges his name to a check, he ruins his wife, his father and his brother.

"The Prodigal Son" has no happy ending. The hero does make restitution in a fashion, but he can find happiness nowhere. Its characters give a sense of reality to their actions. The English, it seems, have taken a leaf from the book of their Scandinavian film competitors and have produced a photoplay which concedes nothing to our American idea of what elements constitute a successful picture.

The locale of the story is Iceland. The company traveled to London, Paris and Nice for its exteriors. The settings are neither lavish nor cheap. They are those of everyday life.

The sole weakness of the picture is its length. It runs for two hours, and while it never becomes downright flat, it does drop in interest here and there. As it stands, it is a complete picturization of the novel, and like the novel, it goes on without much regard for dramatic unity, but with a steady observance of the customary lack of dramatic unity in life.

Among the artificial dramas of the screen, "The Prodigal Son" stands out as an example of what the motion picture can do in the way of giving life to a popular novel.

"CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT"
Or the Art of Blackmailing

Everyone blackmails everyone else in "Cordelia the Magnificent." Inasmuch as the various characters all move in what is called high society, a better title for the picture would have been, "Are Society Folks Crooks?"

Clara Kimball Young plays Cordelia. It is only fair to remark that Miss Young by virtue of her still gorgeous dark eyes manages to overcome the first impression that the day is passed when she should attempt to play "a magnificent creature of fire and flame, a thoroughbred, beautiful, strong, the popular leader of her set," as the sub-title puts it. Miss Young is at the threshold of that period during which actresses play character roles or not at all.

Only because Leroy Scott's novel has moments of dramatic intensity does this picture earn any interest. The threads of the plot are carefully woven. The culmination of several intrigues, revolving about the love affair of a war nurse and a wounded soldier, mingled with that of a poverty-stricken society girl and a blackmailing attorney, leads to a climax which is well concealed. You can't guess the end of this picture.

Huntley Gordon, as the attorney, does the best work of the supporting cast. James Mitchell Dayton, who is the real hero, and who has more to do than any of the others with the exception of Miss Young, reveals the most astounding hair cut of any movie leading man we have ever happened upon. Jacqueline Gadson is adequate as the unfortunate mother of a "war orphan."

'Cordelia the Magnificent" is a mildly interesting society crook play.

Ethel Clayton finds safe harbor in the arms of *Rockcliffe Fellowes*, in *"The Remittance Woman."*

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"THE RUSTLE OF SILK"
The Cinderella Legend Retold

"The Rustle of Silk" is a not too real picture, but it has been produced with a touch of elegance that gives the glamour of splendor to its scenes. As in the fairy tale, we have the hairdresser who admires the political hero, Cinderella and Prince Charming once again. An old, old story, but done by Herbert Brenon with a few refreshing touches that almost warm it to life.

Betty Compson is the hairdresser. The miracle girl of old has a fair part for the first time in many moons. Miss Compson, it has been reported, has declined in popularity. If the rumor of her fall from grace is true, it is not due to herself, but to the quality of pictures in which she has had to appear. Here she does better than usual.

Conway Tearle gives a very finished picture of the Parliamentarian. He is accurate and at ease. The third major role of the film is in the capable hands of Anna Q. Nilsson.

Herbert Brenon has produced this picture with care and has added several novel touches. The

Best Movie

Hall Caine's novel is made into a picture by British Company *with excellent results*—"Cordelia the Magnificient," "The Rustle of Silk," and "The Remittance Women" among other pictures reviewed *by* Lewis F. Levenson

scenes in the British Parliament are striking.

"The Rustle of Silk" will not disappoint you. It is good entertainment.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

"THE REMITTANCE WOMAN"
A Chop Suey Meller

Anyone who would dare accuse Achmed Abdullah of writing a story with a dream ending would probably receive a prompt cutting from one of Achmed's collection of Malayan krisses. The movies have done that to "The Remittance Woman," and by so doing have saved the story from being preposterous. Apparently Abdullah reads well, but when it comes to picturizing his tales, the producer is up against a group of incidents which defy realistic portrayal.

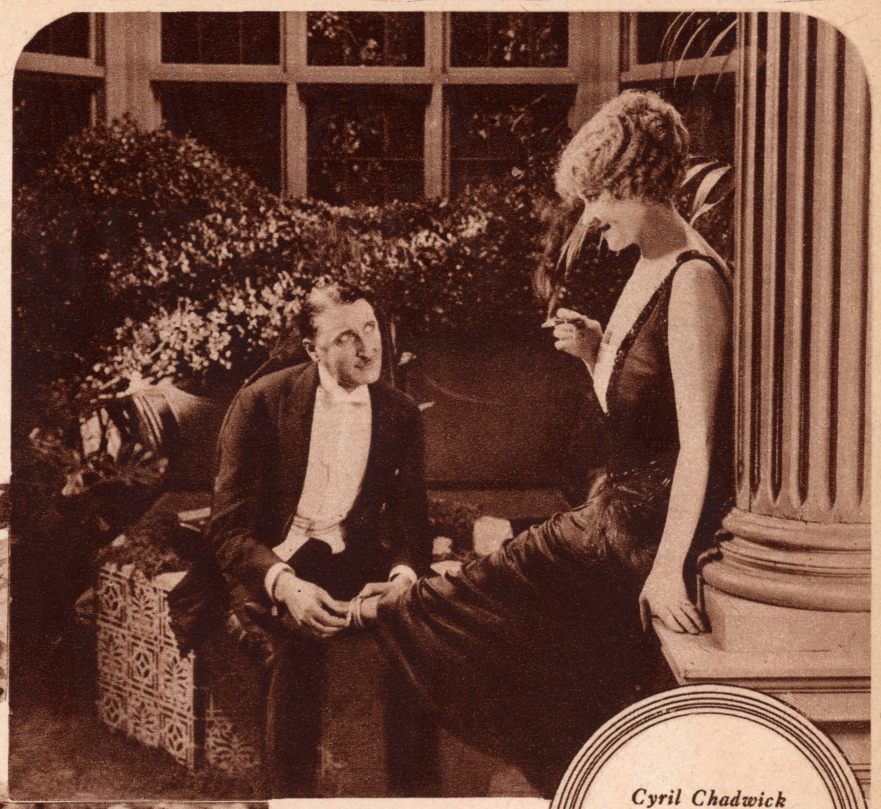
So "The Remittance Woman," after starting out as a straight melodrama, wanders into adventurous paths, during which it becomes a combination of Arabian nightmares and Chinatown Charlie ten cent thrillers. Only the dream ending saves it. This is the one case in a thousand in which that hackneyed means of ending a story justifies itself.

But we doubt whether Abdullah stood up and cheered when he saw what had happened to his story as movied.

Ethel Clayton plays the heroine in this picture and does her vivacious best. Rockcliffe Fellowes is the so-called hero. The real hero, however, is Tom Wilson, who does an excellent piece of acting as the strong-armed sailor. Wilson had the exact tempo of the picture, exaggerated melodrama, and did it to perfection.

The settings, considering the fact that they all show an imaginary Chinese city, are excellent. Perhaps the best shots were those of the torture chamber and the winding streets of the town.

A tense moment in the *English* photoplay adapted from *Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son."*



Cyril Chadwick decorates the slim ankle of *Anna Q. Nilsson* in *"The Rustle of Silk."*

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

"THE CRITICAL AGE"
A Canadian Film Experiment

"The Critical Age" defies criticism. It is the nearest thing to nothing at all we have ever seen on the screen. The story is trivial. The acting is mediocre. The photography is pretty good. As a picture, it is meaningless. As entertainment, it is mild.

No reason is apparent for the choice of the title "The Critical Age." The story is really about Glengarry school days and Ottawa politics, written by Ralph Connor, who introduced Glengarry as the locale of his numerous stories. It has to do with a political crisis in the Canadian Senate, during which a country youth somehow saves the day.

The whole production savors of amateurishness, especially in its story elements. The early scenes showing the Glengarry school house are the best. Pauline Garon is her usual self in the role of a school girl. James Harrison is the hero.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

"YANKS VS. GIANTS"
"Our Gang" Grows Older

Without any blare of trumpets or the heralding of press agents, the "Our Gang" comedies have stolen a march on Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and the other purveyors of laughs this year, and are now among the most successful two-reel side-splitters of the day.

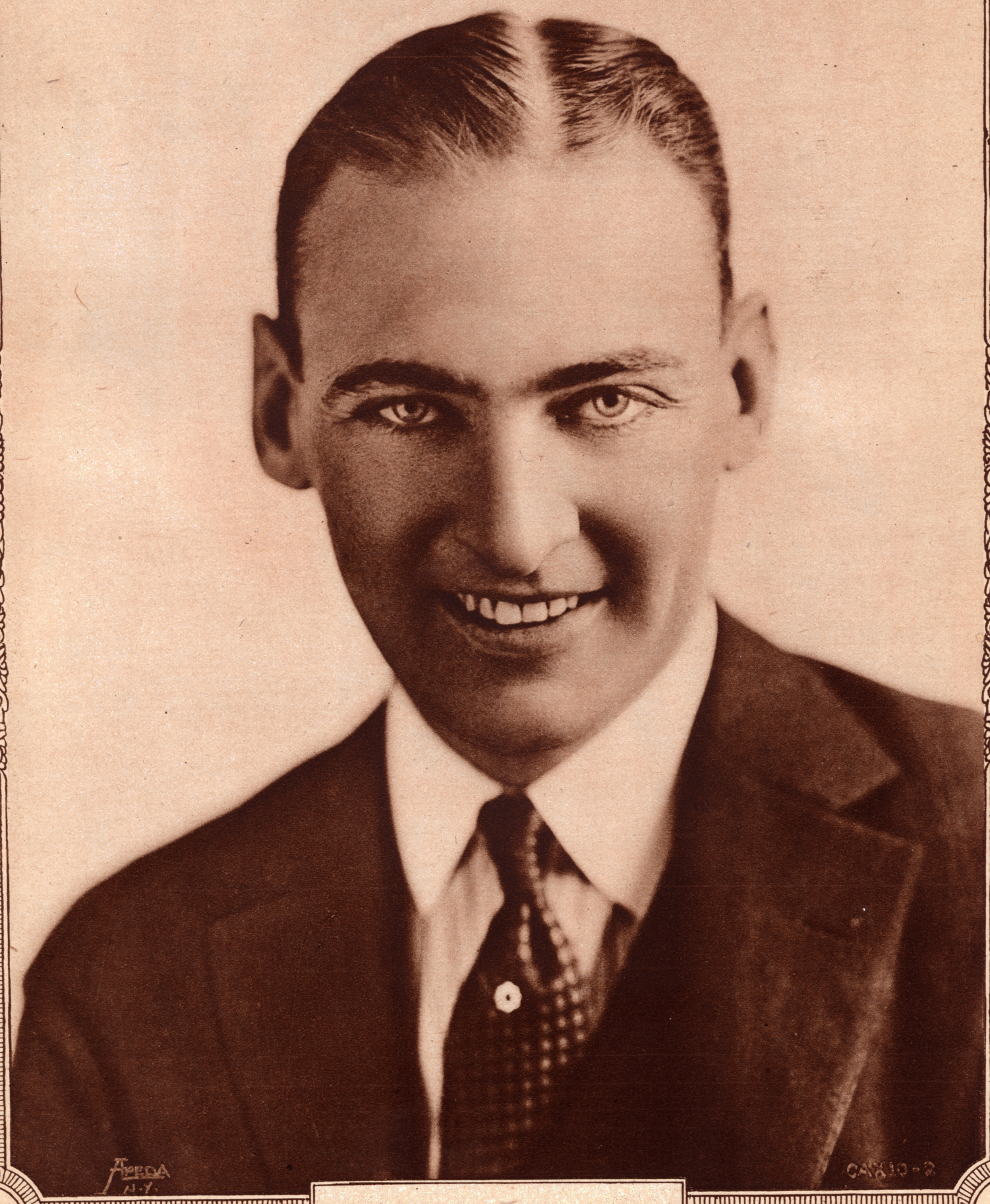
Hal Roach, who put Harold Lloyd on his feet, is the man who gathered together that inimitable group of kiddies, who are known as "Our Gang," and Hal Roach it is who has been furnishing them with their material.

"Yanks vs. Giants," their latest comedy, begins on a back lot baseball diamond, introduces the whole gang, from little Farina up to Freckles. They all manage to escape from their various mothers and to engage in a baseball game, but at the height of the game, they disturb the peace to such an extent that a cop chases them.

Seeking refuge in a nearby house, they find a real Lady Bountiful, who is kind enough to shield them from the law. But no sooner are they within her house than a doctor, who has been called to treat her own little boy, finds that he must quarantine the entire gang.

What happens thereafter forms the chief amusement in the picture. Old-fashioned gags are not necessary, however. Farina, with her unforgettable walk and her squalls of tears, is more genuine at this moment than Jackie Coogan.

"Our Gang" comprise the most natural comedians of the screen at present. Their humor is youthful and refreshing.



"LEFTY" FLYNN
appearing in
"The Snow Bride"

PHOTO BY APEDA

MADGE KENNEDY
starring in
"The Purple Highway"

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2025

MEIGHAN'S Old-Fashioned Morality makes him POPULAR

SAYS DE SOLA

Character *expert declares* that American public likes screen star because of the *wholesome character* revealed by his face

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Thomas Meighan

CHARACTER READING: *A finely balanced head with features in perfect character-relationship. There is firmness, decision, and self-assurance present, a clear indication of standard principles, and great practicality. A slight tendency towards self-indulgence may be noted, some jealousy, and a large fund of both physical and mental courage.*

"*Meighan's* one weakness," says *de Sola*, "is the fact that he is inclined to be too easy-going."

MR. MEIGHAN'S forte seems to have been no projection of mere "pretty parts," romantic lovers and reckless charmers; his roles have invariably been successful as portrayals of a slightly more mature type to whom love itself is only half the battle, and the other struggles of life equally important.

His following is widely scattered. Men like him as well as women; old ladies as much as their grand-daughters. In a way he represents, through his natural character, that more or less real, every-day type who, lacking the dash and appeal of the born lover, "wears well."

Perhaps this is why he has always appealed to an older following as well as to the younger fans of the movies. He personifies an idealization of a type that is actually real, not illusory—the average young man with the average abilities, clinging tightly to an old-fashioned code of conduct and overcoming those obstacles of business or adventure, or those difficulties of life that form the background of most peoples' lives in the present decade.

In other words, he plays *facts*, and for this he is admirably equipped. Although there is some Celtic imagination in the brow, the head is dominantly practical, limited even in this aspect. This is backed up by most of the qualities of a successful man of affairs. That is, he is self-assured, self-willed to some extent, and mildly predatory.

The mouth is flexible, outspoken and courageous. He does not conceal his opinions. He takes pains to make them plain. In spite of the excellent balance of the face and the practicality, there is the minor contradiction in the eyes of the man who is easily moved by words or whims. But, for the most part, this trait is checked by the common-sense domination of the more prominent characteristics.

On impulse he may like or dislike, and he would never conceal this feeling. He is strong in all small things, the trials of every day, the difficulties of the moment. These he is superbly capable of mastering.

The brows would indicate the presence of some jealousy, but this itself must source from the definiteness of his opinions and standards, which do not brook or understand contradiction. There is small sense of self-humor, a word I must coin to express that humor which takes into consideration the person himself; but there is plenty of a rather genial humor for the foibles and incongruities of objective things.

THERE is a good deal of kindly sympathy in the face, and while it is not hypersensitive in type, eyes and nose would both say that this is an individual quick to resent an injury, and quick to exact a penalty. Courage, and those basic principles of which I have spoken, are always behind any action or thought.

There is some tendency to underestimate others, particularly those who do not practise the particular medium, or believe the particular ideas which are Mr. Meighan's own. His one major weakness is a likeable one. He is, for the most part, an easy-going individual, and he is inclined to be too lenient with himself. The self-discipline of a Valentino or even a Fairbanks is not in him. Contours and lines declare his

(*Continued on page* 29)

"The RAGGED EDGE"

A Story of TWO YOUNG FOOLS

New *Distinctive picture* presents an episode in the lives of a boy and girl in love with one another—*Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri* head cast

By Charles E. Dexter

A strong dramatic scene from *"The Ragged Edge,"* featuring *Alfred Lunt* and *Mimi Palmeri.*

IN THE words of Harold McGrath, "The Ragged Edge" is a story of two young fools. McGrath ought to know, for he wrote it.

It is coming to the screen later this spring, produced by Distinctive Pictures, with a cast headed by Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri.

The girl of the story, Ruth Enechede—there's originality in naming a character for you!—is the daughter of a South Sea missionary and the boy is Howard Spurlock.

When we add that the boy is disgusted with the world and wants to drink himself to death, you can almost figure out the rest of the story.

However, before they get to the inevitable happy ending, be it said that several incidents of more or less dramatic intensity intervene. There is a gay Chinese wedding party, and as most movie fans have not had an opportunity of witnessing Chinese weddings, they may get some sort of a thrill out of that scene.

Moreover, the hero, before he falls in love with the heroine, meets that sort of a Chinese girl known as a Sing-Song girl. Chinese Sing-Song girls do not sing songs, for they are usually beautiful, especially when shown in the movies, and in addition to being beautiful, they are slaves. As a result of the hero's interest in this particular slave girl, he gets into a fight in which he worsts an entire mob. The mob pretty well tuckers him out, however, for he falls ill immediately afterward, and Ruth nurses him back to health. (It *is* strange how movie heroines all seem to have taken courses in nursing.)

Then, despite the fact that Howard is a drunkard and that a detective arrives on the scene from the United States looking for him, Ruth falls in love with him. And as he has nothing else to do, he marries her.

But soon after the wedding, the couple part. They do not part in anger, but only because the hero gets a fit of moral rectitude and figures out that he has done the wrong thing by our Ruth in marrying her. And so, on a more or less deserted island, where they have gone to spend their honeymoon, Ruth and Howard live apart.

Alfred Lunt and *Mimi Palmeri* in a tense love scene from *"The Ragged Edge."*

RUTH IS puzzled by her husband's lack of interest in her, while he, thankful that he has found an easy way of ridding himself of a woman, goes back to work and starts to write a great South Sea Island novel.

Indeed, everything is going splendidly and we should probably have been vouchsafed the pleasure of witnessing a movie in which the hero and heroine are separated at the end, if it were not for a wastrel. A wastrel is another name for a movie villain. Most wastrels are called plain bums or hoboes, but not in the movies. This wastrel wastes not time, however, in trying to make love to Ruth. One day he drinks too much—everyone seems to get drunk in this picture—and he makes love to Ruth. She resists and a fight begins. The fight ends in orthodox fashion, with the hero killing the villain and the heroine sinking on his manly breast.

The cast of "The Ragged Edge" is a big one. It includes, in addition to Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri, Wallace Erskine, George McQuarrie, Charles Slattery, Christian Frank, Grace Griswold, Alice May, Charles Kent, Percy Carr, Sydney Drew, Hattie Delaro, Marie Day, and Charles Fang. Harmon Weight is the director.

As you may or may not know, the Goldwyn trade mark on pictures, which has embraced mainly only the productions made in the Goldwyn studios, will now cover also the productions of Distinctive Pictures, Inc., and of Cosmopolitan.

Cosmopolitan's releases for the coming summer and fall include many exceptional pictures. The list is headed by "Enemies of Women," which has been shown in a few of the larger cities. The next big picture of this concern will be Marion Davies in "Little Old New York."

Then will follow "The Daughter of Mother McGinn," by Jack Boyle, with Colleen Moore, Forrest Stanley, Margaret Seddon and George Cooper.

"Unseen Eyes," by Arthur Stringer, with Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens.

"UNDER THE RED ROBE," the famous novel of old France, with Robert B. Mantell, who makes his first motion picture appearance; John Charles Thomas, the noted singer, also appearing in films for the first time, and Alma Rubens.

Marion Davies in "Yolanda," by Charles Major.

"The Flaming Forest," a big James Oliver Curwood special.

"Alias the Lone Wolf," one of the famous Louis Joseph Vance stories, with Bert Lytell in the leading role.

Other big productions which have been scheduled for release next year are "The Temptress," by Vicente Blasco Ibanez; "The Country Beyond," by James Oliver Curwood; "Vendetta," by Marie Corelli; "A Gentleman of France," by Stanley Weyman, with Bert Lytell; Marion Davies in "Alice of Old Vincennes"; "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle, with Bert Lytell; and "The Garden of Peril," by Cynthia Stockley.

As the titles indicate, most of these productions are super-specials in every sense of the word, and judging from the past performances of Cosmopolitan, they will all be high spots in the movie fan's list of pictures he must see.

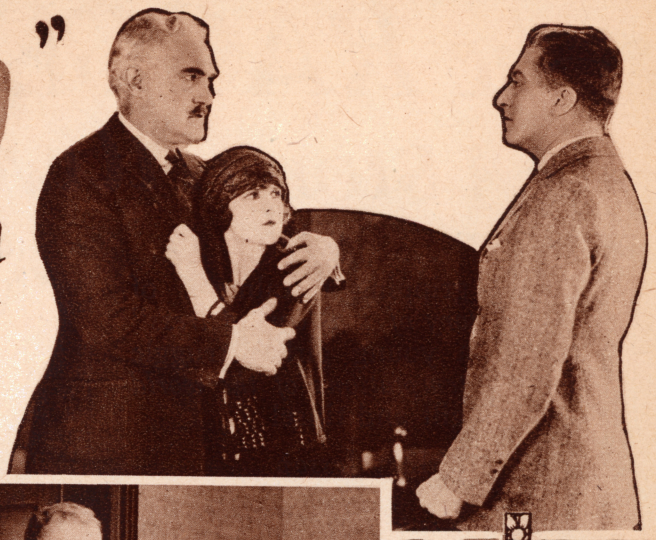
The first big Cosmopolitan production will be "Little Old New York," which is already completed. It contains some of the biggest interior sets ever built, and a cast supporting Miss Davies which is equal in ability to that of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

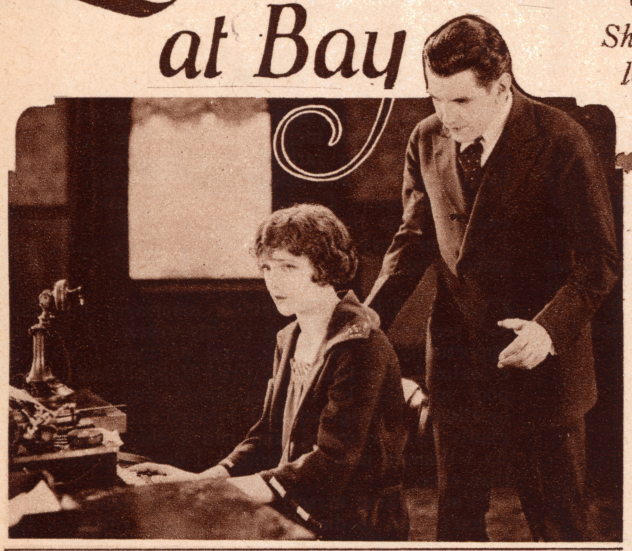
At this writing, "Under the Red Robe" is almost completed. Most of the interiors were made in the old Metro studio at 61st St. and Broadway, New York, as the result of the burning of the Cosmopolitan studio late last winter.

"LOVEBOUND"

A Drama of a Woman at Bay

Shirley Mason in a story of love and jewel robberies





I.—*Bess Belwyn* (*Shirley Mason*), promises to marry *John Mobley* (*Albert Roscoe*), the District Attorney. They ask her father's permission.

II.—*Meredith* (*Richard Tucker*), a crook, threatens to expose *Bess's* father (*Joseph Girard*), unless *Bess* becomes his accomplice.

IV.—*Meredith* hurries into an adjoining room and extracts the jewels from the desk, leaving *Bess* to face the situation alone.

III.—To buy *Meredith's* silence, *Bess* is compelled to pose as his daughter in a scheme to swindle a big jeweler,

V.—She escapes, however, and reaching home, finds her father dead and her sacrifice in vain.

VI.—After her marriage to *Mobley*, *Meredith* comes to her home and demands blackmail. Detectives follow him and he exposes *Bess*.

VII.—In the struggle, *Meredith* is killed and *Bess* is free to enjoy happiness with her husband.

RITA makes her Sacrifice

The third gripping instalment of *"The Life Story of a Movie Actress"* portraying a young girl's struggle against *the temptations of the world* of gilt and tinsel

By Mary Jessop

What has happened so far:

When Rita Rogers is eighteen, her father, a Chicago stock broker, loses all his money and soon dies of typhoid fever. Rita, motherless since her babyhood, has been brought up by her sister, Grace, who is ten years her senior. Grace's sweetheart proves to have been merely a fortune hunter, so the two girls move to New York, where they rent a small flat in uptown Manhattan. Grace secures a position in a smart women's shop, while Rita becomes a salesgirl in the department store of Ward & Allen. Unused to the rigors of her new job, she is worn and tired and makes many errors. One day she is summoned to the manager's office—Mr. Allen. He recognizes her as the daughter of his old friend—Rita's father, and insists that Rita take a month's vacation with pay. Rita impulsively kisses Mr. Allen.

Rita goes south to a quiet little resort, and returns fully rested and in excellent health. She is placed in the glove department, where she meets many kinds of men, many of whom ask her to go out with them. But always, it appears, she is under the watchful eye of Mr. Allen.

Rita and her sister move to Mrs. Carey's boarding house, where Rita meets Fred Randolph, a reporter. Grace contracts pneumonia and dies, leaving Rita alone. Randolph makes love to Rita, and one night he crushes her in his arms and kisses her. Late that same evening, he unlocks the door (which joins their two rooms), using a skeleton key—and Mrs. Carey finds him there in his pajamas with Rita in his arms. Mrs. Carey orders them both out of the house. The next day at the store, Mr. Allen tells her how wretched she looks and how sorry he is. She falls to her knees before him—sobbing violently.

AND THEN I told him the whole story—how my sister had died, of being turned out of the boarding house, of my being sick and discouraged.

He raised me to my feet and placed me in a chair, then started pacing the room. Finally he turned to me and said:

"I've tried to do the right thing by you. I've wanted to save you from just the kind of experiences you had last night, but I couldn't do it—and, of course, I never will. You're twenty-one, but you're just a baby. You've never had a mother to look after you—you poor thing, you've never been taught horse sense. And now you're alone in the world, working at something for which you're not fitted. The drabness of your life, after the way you were raised, is simply killing you."

After delivering that speech, he again resumed his pacing, then he stopped directly in front of me.

"Kiss me, Rita," he said, and I jumped up and put my arms around his neck. "Good Lord, I knew you would! Rita, why did you do that?"

I was frightened and hurt and again started to cry.

"I'll tell you why you did it," he resumed severely. "It's because you're hungry for affection—exactly as I am. Only, in your case, it's a darn sight more serious, because you don't know how to protect yourself.

"Listen to me," he continued, as he leaned back in his chair. "I've tried to be good to you, tried to keep away from you, but we need each other. I've got a wife who doesn't care a whoop for me, but who absolutely refuses to divorce me, preferring to keep me in a private hell of her making. I've tried to get her to divorce me, but she says no matter what I do, she'll not give me my freedom. In the meanwhile we haven't lived together as man and wife for the last two years. I can't divorce her, because I haven't any grounds, so we just keep on living together—if you can call it living—and let me tell you, it's plain hell. I'm starved for someone to love me." He paused for a minute, then resumed:

And so it was that I ceased being a clerk and once more was surrounded by the kind of luxury in which I had been born.

"I've been fond of you from the first and the way you fly at me and put your arms around my neck and kiss me, God, I can't tell you what it does to me! But I can't marry you. I can't marry you! Do you understand?"

I watched him, fascinated. I had never seen a strong man so deeply moved before. I could feel the color mounting to my face.

"But if you dared to come and live with me—if you dared to let me fit up a little apartment for you, where you wouldn't have a thing to do but rest and be happy and beautiful, and be good to me——" He paused, then continued, "It's all a matter of conscience. If you could take the first step cheerfully and harden your heart against remorse, maybe it wouldn't be so bad, Rita. I'm really in love with you and I'd always be good to you and take care of you—good care of you."

If he had tried to kiss me or take me in his arms, I would have fled from him. But his proposition fascinated me. He seemed so good, so noble, so like my father, and I was lonely. I sat looking at him and said nothing, thinking. While I was innocent, I was not ignorant and I knew exactly what his proposition involved. Suddenly I became very old, very serious, very calm and calculating.

OF COURSE I wanted marriage, but that seemed entirely out of my reach. I had no opportunity to meet the kind of men I wanted. I realized now that even Fred Randall had been a poor imitation of the real thing, and yet in my loneliness I imagined that I loved him and would gladly have married him had I the opportunity. As I thought now of Randall, I despised him more than ever.

"I'm working myself to death," I admitted, "and I don't want to die. I have no near relatives and I like you better than anyone in the world. But if I went to live with you, what would my future be? Would I be happy twenty years from now?"

He rose and took me gently in his arms, but without any kind of passion, and he did not kiss me. His voice was soothing, father-like when he spoke.

"When a man asks a girl to make a home for him without becoming his wife, he assumes a heavy responsibility toward her, toward himself, toward his God, if he has one. And if the girl consents, he wants to be mighty sure she has had a fair chance to think it over in her right mind. You'd choose between virtue and twelve dollars a week and ease and luxury for the rest of your life. But it may be, if you choose the latter and go up against the world's best judgment of what is right, that some day you'll be terribly punished. And I run that chance, too. Remember this, that it is almost impossible to do what the world thinks is wrong without getting punished. But I'm so hungry for someone cheerful and pretty who'll be kind to me and want me around, that I'm willing to take the gaff. I'm trying to open your eyes to see things clearly. And, besides, if you decide against me, you'll be more apt to decide against some other man, more unscrupulous than I am, who might make the same kind of a proposition to you."

I STOOD with bowed head all this while, listening.

"How about another month in the South while you think it over, Rita? I'll pay the expenses of your trip and you can have your job back."

"I think the answer would be the same in a month. I'm tired of being lonely. I'm tired of being poor and living in squalid surroundings. If I keep it up, I'll die as my sister did. I'd rather be bad—than die."

"Perhaps it isn't so bad, Rita. Perhaps that's just the world's way of looking at it. And you never can tell, maybe some day I'll be free and can marry you. That is what I want to do, my

(*Continued on page* 28)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Rene Adoree Knocked Out

Rene Adoree likes realism in her pictures as well as anybody, but she does draw the line somewhere. She doesn't object to cavemen when they're polite, but when one gets so excited in beating up his lady love that he hands her a knockout blow, why then, thinks Rene, it's time to object.

It was while rehearsing a scene in the Metro feature, "The Master of Woman," that Fred Kohler, screen bad man, delivered such a lusty love tap — unintentionally, of course—that it sent Miss Adoree by-by, on a trip through the stars. It was thought at first that her jaw was broken, but when she regained consciousness, it was discovered that a black eye was her only injury.

That's bad enough to make any lady cry quits!

Miss Bennett's Glad She Learned to Swim

Alma Bennett, who has recently signed a contract with Famous Players, says that her start on the road to success is all due to a Sunday School concert thirteen years ago, when Alma was five.

"All I did was to hand the singer a bunch of roses," said Miss Bennett. "But the audience applauded and I got the feeling and thrill of an actress, and ever since then I have wanted to be one."

So two years ago Miss Bennett went to Hollywood to try and break into pictures. She was only sixteen, alone and inexperienced, and casting directors told her to run along home. But she wouldn't. She took the only thing that presented itself—a bathing girl part in a Sennett comedy.

"I told them I could swim when the nearest I had ever been to it was splashing in the bath tub," she explained. "But I took swimming lessons at once and learned to swim enough to paddle around, in three days. I wasn't ever going to have them say that my bathing suit was dry-cleaned!"

Good for Bessie

Bessie Love has suddenly come into her own, and all the producers are clamoring for her. No sooner had she finished work in Marshall Neilan's "The Eternal Three," than along came an offer from Goldwyn to play the lead in George D. Baker's "The Magic Skin."

And now, bigger and better than ever, the latest report says that she is to play opposite Doug Fairbanks in his next picture, "The Good Bad Man," which is an old picture that will soon be re-issued.

MELBOURNE SPURR

This picture of *Ethel Shannon* barely gets by.

Here's What Glenn Hunter Is Like

All you flappers who have crushes on Glenn Hunter can certainly feel that he is worth your admiration. Glenn is one of those people who just can't do enough for others, as a certain woman will testify.

This woman, homesick, ill and worn with trouble, found employment in a big studio. Busy people paid no attention to her as she crept timidly about the unfamiliar building. Day after day she lunched in a lonely corner of the little studio cafe, watching the chatty groups all about her and feeling desperately forlorn and lonely. But, apparently, no one even realized that she was there.

Then one day the door opened to admit a tall young man who was greeted gleefully by the younger and prettier girls in the room.

"Hello!" they shouted to him cordially. "Come on over here. Here's a place for you."

He smiled at them as he glanced about the room, and then his eyes lighted on the drab little figure in the corner. He waved the others aside and crossed the room lazily to the stranger's table, asking permission to share it with her, with the air of one seeking a favor. The conversation was only the idle chat of the studio, but it brought cheer to the heart of the lonely woman, hungry for companionship.

The stranger went back to her desk happier than she had been in weeks and tore up the letter of resignation that she had previously written. It was not until many months later that she learned the identity of the young man who had so thoughtfully befriended her.

It was no other than "Merton of the Movies" himself — otherwise known as Glenn Hunter.

A New Use for a Hat

Director Del Andrews, who directed the Palmer Photoplay production, "Judgment of the Storm," sprang this one at lunch one day.

A certain director whom Mr. Andrews knew always wore a huge felt hat. One day he misplaced the hat and fretted all morning over its loss. He couldn't imagine what had become of that hat.

But when the picture was shown in the projection room, he had quite a shock. A noted expert in period furniture was called to see that the settings of the picture were all right. He found only one slight flaw which he pointed out to the director.

"Your settings are wonderful he assured the company, then stopped to scratch his head in dismay. "There's only one thing wrong," and he pointed excitedly to a corner of the screen.

"That cuspidor by the foot of the mirror is what I object to," the expert declared. "It's entirely out of keeping with the period."

"Cuspidor!" shouted the director. "By golly, that's my missing hat!"

"I REFUSE TO REMAIN YOUR WIFE!" cried RONNIE

When she discovered that her fascinating and mysterious husband was not a crook after all.

THE SECOND INSTALMENT OF "THE EXCITERS," PARAMOUNT SCREEN VERSION OF MARTIN BROWN'S SUCCESSFUL STAGE PLAY.

(*Copyright, 1923, by Famous Players-Lasky Corp., All rights reserved*)

Fictionized by

Edward Ettinger

The action thus far:

RONNIE RAND, the swiftest girl in Miami, enters the motor boat race. She has with her ROGER PATTON, a young man with less speed than the hands of a clock. He falls overboard at the finish of the race and is rescued by PIERRE MARTEL, a fascinating and mysterious stranger. A few months later, while cracking the safe in the Rand home, Pierre is interrupted by a loud crash. On the grounds, he finds Ronnie and the minister pinned under the aeroplane in which they had been delivering Christmas presents to the poor. Pierre helps them out. He carries Ronnie into the house.

"So you are not a thief?" *Ronnie* demanded. "You deceived me, didn't you?"

A FEW moments later there entered two men very much dishevelled. Their faces were all spotted with dirt. One wore the garb of a minister of the church, and the other wore the leather coat of a mechanic. They walked over to Ronnie.

"How is she?" the minister inquired.

"Can't tell yet," the burglar answered.

"What a terrible ending to an errand of mercy!" remarked the minister.

"What kind of an errand?" the burglar asked.

"We were just coming back after performing many good deeds. Miss Ronnie may be a bit wild, but she has a heart of gold. We loaded up the aeroplane with gifts for the poor children, and then we flew from one town to the other, distributing them. God be with her and spare her life."

"It looks as if she has been very badly hurt," the burglar commented. "Who knows whether she will live?"

At this moment Ronnie regained consciousness. She heard the last remark and exclaimed, "The will! Aunt Veronica's will! This is the last day! I must be married at once or I will lose the six million!"

"Be quiet, my child," the minister said very kindly, "your nerves are unstrung."

"No, no. I'm all right. Don't you hear me? I must be married at once or Aunt Veronica's money will go to a colored orphan asylum."

She turned to the mechanic:

"Will you marry me?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss," he said, "I'd like to oblige you, but I think my wife would object to it."

Then she turned to the burglar:

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she suddenly recognized him, "it's you, Mr. Pierre Martel, the man who saved Roger!"

"Yes," the burglar said, "it is."

"Are you married?" she inquired.

"No, but I'm willing to be."

"Will I do?"

"Fine as silk, but aren't you rushing things?"

"Rush is my middle name."

The minister was pressed into service and Pierre Martel, the burglar, was married to Ronnie Rand. Aunt Veronica's millions were saved for the family.

After offering their congratulations, the minister and the mechanic left the house. Pierre sat down on the couch upon which Ronnie was lying, took hold of her hand and gazed into her eyes.

They sat that way until Mr. and Mrs. Rand and Ermintrude entered the room. So deeply absorbed were they in each other that they did not hear them come in.

"Ronnie!" exclaimed Mrs. Rand. "How dare you—and with a stranger!"

"Come on kiss me, Pierre," Ronnie said, ignoring her mother.

Pierre needed no second invitation.

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Rand exclaimed. "That girl is becoming impossible."

"Put your arms around me, dear," Ronnie exhorted. "It's getting very chilly here."

Pierre enjoyed the fun and did as requested.

"Ronnie," said her mother, somewhat exasperated. "If you have no shame for yourself, please consider us. You'll have to order that gentleman to leave the house at once!"

"He won't; he's going to stay over night with me."

"Good Lord!" Mrs. Rand ejaculated and fell over in a faint.

ERMINTRUDE went to fetch the smelling salts. Mr. Rand took a hand in the matter.

"What's the big idea here?" he demanded. "Who is this man?"

"He is my husband. We were married about ten minutes ago."

"But who is he?"

"How do I know? He's only my husband."

Pierre arose and made a very gracious bow.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I had better explain," he said. "Your daughter was in an aeroplane accident. She crashed into a tree on the grounds. I ran out and brought her in. She insisted that I marry her. Being a gentleman, I could not refuse her. A minister was present and he tied the knot. And so I have the honor of being your son-in-law."

"And who are you?"

"Pierre Martel is my name."

"Your profession?"

"Ah, that is a touchy subject. I had hoped you would not ask me that. However, now that I am married, I intend to give up my profession. As these things will belong to me in a short while, it is not necessary for me to take them right now. I will, therefore, return them to you until I need them."

He dug into his pickets and drew out two handfuls of jewels which he placed upon the table.

"My jewels!" exclaimed Mrs. Rand, who had recovered from her fainting spell.

"I just helped myself from the safe." Pierre said very casually. "I have several things to attend to, so I shall see you later, dear people."

He walked out boldly, all eyes following him.

"How thrilling!" exclaimed Ermintrude. "Ronnie has married a burglar."

WHEN PIERRE entered the business-like office of Gentleman Eddie, the notorious crook, he was greeted with a great show of enthusiasm, especially on the part of Chloroform Charlie and Flash, two well-known characters of the underworld.

"Fine piece of work," Eddie commented as he grasped Pierre's hand. "Della called us up and told us the glad news. You just listen to me, Pierre, and get this straight. You go over to the Rand house and tell them you want your wife.

(*Continued on page 27*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In a well-known screen magazine, Madame Olga Petrova is characterized as "the most temperamental movie queen known to Hollywood, prior to the advent of Pola Negri." The accusation—for such I should term it—prompts me to tell what I know of Madame.

My chance to see her personally came two years ago at a performance of "The White Peacock." I dispatched an usher with a note and was invited to her dressing room after the performance. The impression she made is as vivid now as then. I had expected to find her a wee bit haughty. She wasn't. She was dignified, but not "ritzy." In her rather wistful green eyes was never a hint of the amusement a less kind person might have felt at the sorry figure I cut, in a coat too small, a hideous hat and a countenance tear-stained by unrestrained emotion during the play.

Madame talked of many things, her accident some time before (I introduced the subject), things women are doing in the world today, the play and my opinion thereof. I listened. I had no desire to chatter, for Madame as a conversationalist is far too interesting and, I may add, the talk is not of herself.

Unwilling to lose trace of her, I wrote to Madame now and then, and once happened to mention my loneliness in a strange city. Promptly came a kind little note from her, with an introduction to one of her friends, a very prominent woman, "through whom," she wrote, "you will meet, I think, congenial people."

Last September in Toledo, Ohio, I met her again. She was holding a public reception after a matinee. I sent my greetings backstage and was rewarded by a request to "Come up at the end of the line." I did, but the curious ones out front were so numerous that I remained in the wings, until a well-remembered voice called, "Is Miss Moreland in the theatre?" So I had once more the pleasure of meeting this lady of many talents—and infinite kindness.

Madame Petrova is a real woman. Her gaze is steady and direct and her handclasp firm. She remembers the most trivial incidents.

I have yet to see her name in connection with any sort of scandal. She is practical, as well as artistic. Yet, because she can take care of her own interests—because she has the courage of her convictions, to the extent that she fears neither death, nor—to most of us, worse—public opinion. she is criticized and labeled "temperamental." I ask you—is it fair? I think not.

CARLITA MORELAND.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

Fans Like Theda—Vamp or Otherwise

When I saw Theda Bara at the Victoria Theatre a year ago, I was indeed more than delighted. When she came out on the stage, I said to my friend that surely could not be Theda. But fortunately enough I had my opera glasses with me and when I put them to my eyes, I saw the same Theda that I have always seen on the screen.

She asked how many wanted her to keep on playing the Vampire role, which question brought forth a tremendous applause. She then asked how many wanted her to play the good girl part, the same applause again.

I do hope she keeps on in the Vampire role, for she is the greatest vampire the screen has ever known. She is so dainty and sweet and her voice is music to the ears.

She will always be my favorite.

HELEN M. FOSTER.

How Havana Received Mae Murray

One day I saw an enormous crowd in front of the Hotel Sevilla. I made my way through the people, but could see nothing until the police came, and I secured a place at the side of the automobile where the cause of all this multitude was, and looked in. There was Mae Murray, my screen favorite,

Speaking of Spanish costumes, "Si, si, Senor," says *Marie Prevost.*

I found her as cute and lovely as on the screen, but much more beautiful, for the deep violet of her eyes, the gold of her hair, and the rose petal softness of her skin, are impossible to perceive on the silver sheet.

At the first showing of "Peacock Alley" at the Faust Theatre, the people of Havana not only applauded, but yelled with enthusiasm at Miss Murray, who thanked us with sobs and tears.

M. FERNANDEZ.

She Was Thrilled to Death

Indeed, if all the people who have written to you think they have had a thrill in seeing a movie star, I wonder just what kind of a feeling they would have had on Wednesday, April 25th, when dozens of our lovely stars attended the premiere performance of "Main Street."

My heart is still fluttering at the thoughts of the charming Norma Talmadge, demure little Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), petite little Jackie Saunders, handsome Monte Blue, fetching Florence Vidor, to say nothing of her charming director husband, King Vidor, and last, but not least, to go into the theatre and find that you reserved seats very near the wholesome Johnny Hines. And then to turn around and find the winsome Connie Talmadge behind you is enough to give you heart failure. Thrills, thrills, thrills and more thrills. *What say you?*

MARIE ETHEL JOHNSON.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

College Girls See Mary Pickford

I was just a freshman girl in college the year the war broke out. Never was I more thrilled than when I learned that my heroine of the screen, little Mary Pickford, was to appear in person at Marshall Field's to launch the Liberty Loan Drive.

About twenty of the girls from our dormitory went to town especially to see Mary. She was so small we had to stand on chairs to get a glimpse of her. She delivered a very inspiring speech, and we agreed that the magnetic force of her personality urged thousands to subscribe to the Loan. She was adorable, so small, such a sweet voice, and perfectly wonderful curly hair.

No one could have chosen a more charming person to make the people enthusiastic to buy Liberty Bonds. At last came the moment when we clasped her hand and said, "How do you do?" It was a thrill that comes but once in a lifetime.

C. W.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

Lew Cody Unlike His Screen Portrayals

Imagine my surprise upon meeting Lew Cody, to find him so unlike his screen portrayals. It was my good fortune to meet him in California while he was making a personal appearance at a theatre. I spoke to him and found him to be one of the nicest men I have ever met.

He is very well educated and a highly polished gentleman, and a lovely person to meet. He will always be one of my favorites.

T. B. W.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠ ⊠

Eugene O'Brien Makes a Conquest

I met Eugene O'Brien last winter when he was playing in "Steve." I was a waitress at a tea room and was introduced to him and waited on him there.

He is better looking than on the screen, his deep, pleasant voice and his firm handclasp are not easily forgotten. His winning personality is evident and his kind smile dismisses all your timidity.

I was preparing a very difficult Spanish lesson and he expressed regret that his ignorance of the language handicapped him in being of any assistance to me. He noticed my name in the front of my book and said he would like to see how his would look in a text book once again. so he wrote it there. It is useless to say I shall never sell my Spanish book.

P L H

Before Your Mirror with Gloria Swanson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gloria Swanson has kindly consented to co-operate with the editors of Movie Weekly in conducting a beauty department, but the editors request that our readers do not ask Miss Swanson for personal advice in their beauty problems. Not only is giving such advice a greater undertaking than Miss Swanson has time for, but there is the added factor that individual complexion problems can only be diagnosed by a skin specialist.*

Every Deep Breath Is a Beauty Aid

We may talk all we like about taking care of the skin and the effect of this and that lotion on one's complexion, but after all, nothing in the world is quite so efficacious in giving one that radiant, alive look as good health. Good health is brought about primarily through exercise, diet, fresh air, deep breathing—all the "back to nature stuff."

Deep breathing probably does not come in for as much attention as it should, especially considering its importance to one's well being. How many of you ever stop even to wonder whether you are breathing properly? I rather doubt if most of you give the subject any thought whatever.

If you do not, now is the time to begin. Deep breathing is worth a bit of attention on your part. I might say that every deep breath is a beauty aid, which costs you nothing and does a lot for you in the way of improving your looks.

Of course before anything else, when considering this subject of correct breathing, we must consider the question of carriage. You cannot breathe properly unless you stand so that your lungs can be filled to capacity. Round shoulders cramp your lungs. For that reason, deep breathing is the best means possible of correcting round shoulders—and, of course, you know you can never be graceful or dashing looking of you have a stooped carriage. In fact, I can think of nothing which makes one look more wilted and insignificant than a droopy carriage. If you cultivate the habit of breathing as deeply as you can, so that you feel the air expanding your lungs and contracting your diaphragm, you will find that you have done much toward correcting any defects in your carriage.

If you want to know the proper posture, here is a good thing to try out. Raise your arms high over your head, shoulders back, then let the arms drop carelessly to the sides and relax the tension. The position you are then standing in is the correct one—not too exaggerated, but good and straight, with your chin at the proper angle.

Especially if you have any tendency toward overweight, you will find that deep breathing will help you. It strengthens the muscles of one's abdomen and thus, to some extent, insures one against superfluous, flabby flesh there.

The present tendency of not wearing corsets is a long step toward proper breathing, as it leaves women freer to breathe thoroughly. Nothing prevents the lungs from stretching to their full capacity, provided, of course, that they are given the opportunity.

It is unnecessary to remind you how extremely beneficial deep breathing is as a preventative against tuberculosis.

Gloria Swanson

Screen Stars in Flounce and Puff

At last summer is upon us and we can deck ourselves out in all the gay colors that only the beach and golf links permit us to wear. Green is still very much in vogue, and there is a new material known as waffle cloth, which is most aptly named. It is squared off by little ridges and looks exactly like its namesake, the waffle. In "Souls for Sale," Jean Haskell wears a sport dress of this material, as illustrated on this page.

Shirley Mason is somewhat of a designer, and one of the frocks she wears in "Love-bound" carries out her own idea. It is a semi-evening gown with a bodice of gossamer sequin texture embroidered in Alice blue and grey. The skirt is black georgette, draped, and a soft blue sash is tied to the side. Shirley when she wears this frock, does tricks to her hair, drawing her fluffy locks up closer to her head, a coiffure which, according to Shirley, adds the last touch to her costume.

Howard Greer, fashion expert, who was recently engaged to work with Ethel Chaffin in Paramount's costuming department, makes some predictions regarding the styles for the coming season. He asserts that simplicity is very much the thing—exaggerated simplicity, in fact.

"The boat line at the neck of the dress across the shoulders is being widened with puffs at the shoulders," says Mr. Greer. "This will necessnate the raising of the waist line. So it might be safe to predict a higher waist line for next year.

"The French excel in silhouette, or line, but they are inferior in their color schemes. What made Lucille famous is that she had an understanding of color together with the natural French inclination toward graceful lines.

"The American girl looks exceedingly well in tailored things, and likewise American designers excel in the tailored models. Miss America is an outdoor girl and wears sports clothes with much better results than French girls.

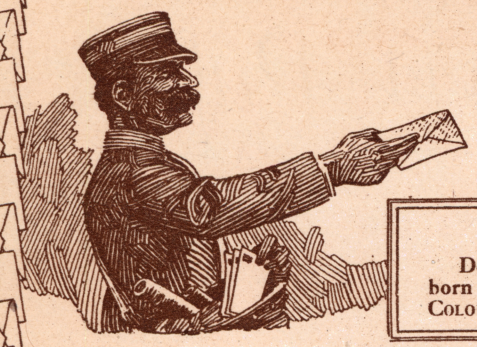
"Bobbed hair, of course, is entirely out of vogue. While their tresses are growing to their former length, girls are doing everything to conceal the shorn locks. Toques, turbans, and small mushroom hats are designed to carry out this description."

Ethel Chaffin, Paramount dessigner, says that King Tutankhamen is largely responsible for the current styles in the screen world, as elsewhere. The sandal slipper, for instance, which women have taken up so thoroughly in all its gay colors, is nothing more than the old Egyptian sandal of three thousand years ago, lifted with a high Spanish heel.

Women's hats also are reminiscent of the old Pharaoh days. In "The Rustle of Silk," Betty Compson wore a Milan straw hat trimmed with dark brown satin. The ruffled ribbon that dropped down over the shoulder, added a quaint atmosphere of Egypt.

Egyptian, likewise, is one of the hats worn by Bebe Daniels in "The World's Applause." It is made of crushed jet, with swinging flaps over the ears and an ornament on the front. Sahara blue is the color note—a new shade introduced by the current Egyptian vogue.

***Jean Haskell*, in *"Souls for Sale,"* wears this striking sports frock of waffle cloth, one of the new materials for Spring. The design of the material resembles a waffle-iron; the squares are of white silk and the little ridges are of green. To complete the costume, *Miss Haskell* wears a hat of green straw and green crepe de chine.** (KOPEC)



Fan Is Cuckoo Over Ramon Novarro

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

BETTY A.—Is Valentino a friendly person to speak to, you ask? Well, that depends on what you say to him. I wouldn't advise you to start calling him names. Rudolph is twenty-eight. At present he is completing a dancing tour of the country. He lives at 50 W. 67th St., and, of course, has a secretary to answer his mail. If he attempted to answer it himself, he wouldn't have time for anything else.

RHUBARB VASELINO — So you're heartbroken because I didn't send you a picture of myself? Perhaps you don't realize what I'm sparing you; you might be more heartbroken if you saw the picture. The reason that "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" were not played by the same cast is that the two pictures were made by different companies. Ramon Novarro's picture was published in Movie Weekly for April 21st.

DOLLFACE—I'm sure Ramon Novarro would be awfully sorry to hear that you're cuckoo over him. I don't think he likes cuckoos. Ramon is a Mexican, twenty-two years old and is unmarried. He is an accomplished dancer and sings and plays the piano beautifully. He is about five feet eight inches tall. Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

WANNA KNOALL—In that case you'd better buy yourself an encyclopedia and sit up with it nights. You can't expect anyone to predict whether Pola and Charlie will get married. However, they really are in love with each other and their engagement was not announced for publicity purposes only.

JACKIE ELWAYNE—Jackie, I really believe you're kidding me, all that talk about vamping and so on. I've been vamped by experts in my time—so another expert more or less doesn't scare me. Pauline Garon and Robert Agnew can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Tom Mix's latest picture is "Tempered Steel." Thomasina Mix is about a year old. It hasn't been announced yet whether she's a blonde or a brunette. Pronounce her name, Thomas-eena.

JUNE ROSE—And here are your blooming answers in a June issue—as it should be! Yes, Cullen Landis is married; Mrs. Landis is the only name I know for his wife. He is about twenty-nine years old. His latest pictures are "The Fog" and "Masters of Men." Dorothy Davenport Reid is making a picture showing the evils of drugs, called "Human Wreckage." Valentino will act again in about another year, when his Paramount contract permits him to.

I WANNA NO—Well, then, you're right in asking. That's a good way to find out. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago about twenty-nine years ago. She is five feet three inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. She is Mrs. Herbert Somborn. Agnes Ayres was also born in Chicago. She is about twenty-five and has blond hair and grey eyes. She was married once upon a time. Alice Calhoun's native city is Cleveland. She is not married. Ramon Novarro's real name is Jose Ramon Sameniegos.

The Colonel, he velly good cookie—With apologies to *William Fung* in *"Hurricane's Gal."*

MADIE—So you think I am a "grand" man? Perhaps it would be appropriate for me to get a job leading grand marches. Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-seven. Elaine Hammerstein has never been married. Write to Malcolm MacGregor at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Thomas Meighan's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island, and George Stewart at the Christie Comedy Co., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

DOWN IN FLORIDA—So you want to tell Robert Agnew something? Well, don't make him blush, he looks very bashful. He is twenty-four years old and is not married. He is five feet eight. Write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

C. K.—So you want a picture of Kenneth Harlan in the center of Movie Weekly? Well, I will certainly see what I can do about it. Claude Gillingwater's address is Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.

MISS BETTY GREEN—I suppose everyone is always kidding you about how green you are. George Arliss is fifty-five. He is married, but I don't know whether he has any children. He is about five feet ten inches tall. Write him care Distinctive Pictures, 366 Madison Ave., New York.

ALICIA—You had the signature so entirely surrounded by kisses I had a hard time finding it. You have probably seen the answers to your previous questions by now. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four and is a brunette six feet tall. He is married to Gloria Hope and the stork is expected. He has been in pictures about five years. He lives at 955 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles. Yes, Thomas Meighan played in "Why Change Your Wife."

JEAN—Well, if I have never heard of you before, I have now and, of course, I couldn't forget you! Eugene O'Brien first played in pictures about ten years ago. His father is dead, I believe, but his mother is living. He has never been married. Movie Weekly published a double page picture of him, April 29, 1922 and a single page one August 5, 1922. No, he has no brothers in the movies.

INQUISITIVE—Rudolph is getting bald, you say. Horrors, Winifred, make haste with the hair tonic. His home address is 50 W. 67th St., New York. Gaston Glass is not married.

RUBY L.—Ruby, eh? I suppose your parents consider you valuable. Leatrice Joy and Bebe Daniels can both be reached at the Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, L. I.

FAN-TAS-TIC—Are you trying to copy Tut-ankh-Amen? So you think I ought to be promoted to general because of my general information? That's all right, so long as they don't demote me to private because of my private information. Alice Brady is about thirty; that's as nearly as I know her birthday. I don't know why we never published a big picture of her—an oversight, I suppose. "The Snow Bride" is her last picture for awhile, as she is now playing on the stage in "Zander the Great." Her salary is four thousand a week.

A YOUTHFUL FLAPPER—Hadn't you heard that flappers have gone out of style? Viola Dana is twenty-five. Most actresses use mascara on their eyelashes for picture or stage purposes. It is not appropriate for ordinary use.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

THE EXCITERS

(*Continued from page 23*)

Of course, they won't let you have her, especially now that they know that you're a crook. So you tell them that you are willing to have the marriage annulled for one hundred thousand dollars and you ain't going to take one cent less."

The next morning, Pierre took extra care in dressing. He went up to the Rand house and rang the bell. Della, the maid, opened the door.

Della gave Pierre a slight nod of recognition as she opened the door for him.

"Mr. Rand gave orders to have you brought to him the moment you enter the house," she informed him.

He followed Della to the library, where Hilary Rand sat in a great big easy chair, nervously chewing at a cigar.

"Hello, dad!", Pierre greeted him cheerily. "How is the old boy today?"

Hilary Rand rose from his chair in anger.

"I'll not stand here bartering words with you," Rand said furiously. "The marriage must be annulled!"

"I'll trade you the check for a kiss," he said.

"You're on!"

He took his kiss and destroyed the check.

"Good-bye, wifie," he said as he left. "I'll make an appointment with you some day and we'll have breakfast together."

About twenty minutes after Pierre had gone, Della entered Ronnie's boudoir.

"I beg pardon, Miss Ronnie," she began, "but seeing that you are married to Mr. Martel, I felt that I must tell you."

"Tell me what?" Ronnie demanded.

"Tell you all about Gentleman Eddie's gang, to which Mr. Martel belongs. I once had a sweetheart who was a detective, and he told me about them. I know that if Mr. Martel goes back there without the check, he will surely be killed."

"Quick, get me my hat and coat. I must save Pierre, for he is my husband!"

Once more Pierre entered the business-like office of Gentleman Eddie. Flash and Chloroform Charlie immediately commenced rubbing their

***Ronnie* knew that *Pierre* had confided in *Della*.**

"No, no!" exclaimed Pierre in a somewhat dramatic manner. "Please don't! You'll break my heart if you do!"

"Your heart? Since when has a burglar a heart? I'll pay you for it."

"Ah! Now you are speaking a language which I understand. How much?"

"I'll give you five thousand dollars."

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Pierre. "Five thousand dollars for a heart! Mr. Rand, do you think this is bargain day? I want you to understand that I have a big heart and I demand a big price. You can't ruin my future that way and get away with it. An annullment will cost you one hundred thousand dollars!"

"It's a confounded outrage! It's blackmail!"

"Name it what you will, Mr. Rand. That's the only price. Take it or leave it."

Hilary Rand raved and swore, but in the end, he handed Pierre the check."

PIERRE saw Ronnie standing at the head of the stairs. He made her a courteous bow. She put one finger to her lips, cautioning him to be quiet. Then, she motioned to him to come up.

"You were just talking to father, weren't you?"

"He wanted to show me a new invention of his guaranteed to cure all heart troubles."

"And is that the prescription?" Ronnie asked, pointing to the check which Pierre still held.

"Yes, this happens to be a good one, too. Read it."

"And are you really going to give me up, your wife for money?" she asked.

"Not if she wants to be my wife."

"Of course I will. I'll try anything once."

hands in anticipation of the expected loot. Eddie stuck a fresh cigar into his mouth.

"Well, Frenchy," he said. "I guess we did a good day's business today, didn't we?"

"Yes, we didn't," Pierre answered.

"Listen, now, Frenchy," he snarled, shaking a menacing finger at him, "don't you try no double-crossing, or we'll be visiting you every Decoration Day. Hand over that check now!"

"Just a minute, Charlie," Eddie interrupted. "Don't try any rough stuff. We'll settle this in a nice, friendly way. Now, look here, Frenchy. You know us and you know what we can do."

"I tell you, I have no check, "Pierre insisted.

Gentleman Eddie shifted the position of his cigar. Flash and Chloroform understood the signal. They pounced upon Pierre and soon had a pair of handcuffs on him. They searched him very carefully, but could not find the check.

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello," said Eddie. "Who is this?"

"This is Della," came the answer.

"Any trouble, kid?"

"Yes. Pierre received a check for a hundred thousand dollars, but he tore it up. Miss Ronnie wants to stay married to him. I told her that if he came back to you without the money, you would kill him. I gave her the address and she is going over to save Pierre. There's your big chance, now. You hold her there and we'll be able to squeeze a quarter of a million out of her father. He can afford it, too."

Eddie hung up the receiver.

"That Rand girl is coming right up," he explained. "As soon as she opens the door, you slap your hand over her mouth, Flash. And then you grab a hold of her arms, Chloroform and tie her up quick. Work fast, 'cause we don't want any noise."

ERMINTRUDE, Ronnie's friend, entered the house all excited.

She went up the stairs and into Ronnie's boudoir. No one was there. On the dresser she found the slip of paper on which Ronnie had scribbled Gentleman Eddie's address.

"Oh, Mr. Rand," she called, "Ronnie is not up there."

"What? I gave strict orders that she must not leave the house!"

"Her hat and coat are gone and I suspect she's with them. Look at this. I found it on her dresser."

"Why, that's right in the heart of the criminal district! Could it be that she has followed that crook? This is quite serious! We must get the police at once!"

He went into the library and called police headquarters. Within twenty minutes, five plain clothes men reported at the Rand home. Rand's car was waiting. They got into it and rode to the address which Ronnie had scribbled on the paper.

"This is a dangerous gang of criminals, Mr. Rand," the chief of the detectives informed him.

Luckily, they entered the building unobserved. Very stealthily, they crept up the stairs and halted in front of the door. At a given signal, the chief opened the door and the four plain clothes men, armed with clubs, rushed in. It was a free-for-all fight, a veritable battle royal. A few pistol shots were exchanged, but without any damage. Within twenty minutes the crooks were clubbed into submission.

In an adjoining room, they found Pierre and Ronnie. They both were handcuffed and their feet were tied. Hilary Rand rushed over to his daughter.

"How about this man?" the chief asked, pointing to Pierre.

"Take him with you," said Rand, "he's one of the gang."

"But you mustn't take him!" Ronnie protested. "He's my husband!"

"How about that, Mr. Rand?" the chief inquired.

"Never mind her," was the answer. "Take him. He's the worst blackmailer of the gang."

"Oh, my poor burglar husband!" Ronnie cried. "And he has such nice teeth, too. Will they let him out soon?"

"Oh, he'll be out in about ten years," said the chief.

THE MASKED ball of the season proved to be a gorgeous affair. It was even better than the one of the previous year. Everyone of note was there.

As usual, Ronnie reigned supreme with the young folks, for it was she who devised all new methods of excitement.

"Ronnie, dear," said a stout dowager, "I want you to meet a friend of mine, Mr. Pierre Martel, of New Orleans."

"Pierre!" Ronnie exclaimed as she recognized her husband. "Did you escape prison? How did you get out?"

"Well, well, well," remarked the dowager, "so he deceived you, too. Pierre is not a thief. He is one of the richest men in New Orleans. He joined the secret service just for the excitement.

"Well, I refuse to be your wife, if you are not a thief. Good night, Mr. Martel."

Ronnie left in anger. She got her wrap, entered her car and told the chauffeur to drive home. Pierre took his hat and coat and followed her in his machine. He stopped a short distance from her house and watched her get out of her car.

In the approved style of a burglar, he tip-toed over to the house, put on a mask, and climbed up the porch. Very slowly, he opened the French doors leading into the lighted room. Ronnie was sitting on the bed, looking somewhat sad.

"Throw up your hands!" Pierre demanded, pointing a revolver at her. "Don't you dare scream or I'll fill you with lead!"

Ronnie eyed him carefully.

"I'm a thief," he hissed, as he stepped to her side, "and I steal when I can. "Give me a kiss."

He put his lips to hers.

"Now give me a kiss," she demanded, "my imitation crook husband."

"Well, I guess I'm a thief, anyhow," he remarked. "I stole your heart."

"You bet you did," she answered, "especially with these last crook tactics."

THE END.

LADIES GOLD BRACELET WATCH FREE

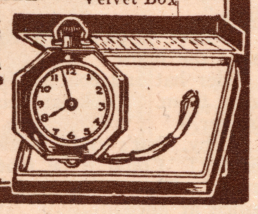
EVERYBODY CAN HAVE ONE

of these beautiful 7 jewel, 10 year guaranteed, gold filled Bracelet Watches.

ABSOLUTELY FREE In An Elaborate Velvet Box

RUSH your name and address and we will send you our wonderful FREE Bracelet Watch Plan. **Don't delay, write at once.**

HOME SUPPLY CO.
131 Duane St., Dept. 877.
New York City



Movies in Your Home

REAL MOVIE FILMS AND MACHINES for amateurs and the home. Films are two hundred and fifty feet long. Comedies, westerns and dramas. One dollar and up per film. Machines that will give good-sized pictures, five dollars and up. Write for free lists.

N. DONLON

140 Ogden Avenue, Jersey City, N, J.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN earn $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars.
64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.

Health Is Yours

If you follow the teaching of Dr. Elmer Lee, editor of the **Health Culture Magazine** Every month it is brim full of hints and helps for cures without drugs, and right eating, breathing, exercising, etc. $2.00 a year; 20c. a number—three months "On Trial" for 25cts. Send today for your first six months and add to your health. Money back if not satisfied.

HEALTH CULTURE, 330 St. James Bldg., New York

★ ★ FILM STARS ★ ★

Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Mary M. Minter, May Allison, Mary Pickford, Eugene O'Brien, Richard Barthelmess, Thomas Meighan, etc. Regular 50c. Real 8 x 10 photos. Special price—4, $1; 10, $2. Offer No. 2; Artist Models—charming girls in beautiful poses; full-sized photos— $1 for 10; $3 for 40; $5 for 75. Offer No. 3—Mack Sennett Beauties; 8 x 10 size photos; regular 50c. each. Special, 4 for $1; 16 for $3. Offer No. 4—Alta Art Studies—a beautiful book of 30 poses; size 5 x 7, together with 3 8 x 10 photos (life studies) for $2.

FINEART CO., 733 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Have Beautiful Ankles!

Here at last! An ankle reducer that will give you slim, beautiful, firm, attractive ankles. Supports and strengthens the Arch. Formerly made exclusively to order for the leading professional dancers and actresses. Now offered to the public for the first time. Worn at night. No binding. Fits any ankle. $3 per pair for cotton; $5 for silk. Send name and address, mention kind wanted, and we will mail to you. Parcel Post, C. O. D.

ANKLE FORM CO.
Room 711A - - 489 Fifth Avenue, New York

TOBACCO

Habit Cured or No Pay

Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff. Guaranteed. Harmless. Complete treatment sent on trial. Costs $1.00 if it cures. Nothing if it fails.

SUPERBA CO. E-61 BALTIMORE, MD.

Life Story of a Movie Actress

(Continued from page 21)

dear girl. Don't lose sight of the fact that I honestly love you—when you talk about being bad.

He stooped and kissed me and his arms, which were still around me, tightened ever so little. I raised my lips and submissively kissed him.

Almost roughly he pushed me away from him. "My God, Rita! Don't kiss me like that! Don't kiss me as if you were—a kept woman! If you can't be yourself with me, I don't want you. Remember, I respect you and love you, Rita."

Magic words.

"And I love you!" I cried, throwing my arms around his neck, and this time the words and the kiss which accompanied them were real. "Oh, you're so good to me!"

"Very dear little girl!" he murmured, kissing me softly. "May God forgive me for what I have done!"

And so it was that I ceased being a clerk and once more was surrounded by the kind of luxury in which I had been born. Robert fitted up a wonderful apartment on Riverside Drive. We had a Japanese cook and a colored maid. I positively refused to allow him to buy me jewels and things I didn't need. "Things we share—that's different," I told him.

"Bless your heart!" he cried. "I'm happy with you—happier than I have been for a long, long time!"

And I was happy, too. The color came back into my cheeks. I looked younger. If I ever felt degraded in my position, I concealed the fact admirably from Robert and almost from myself. There was nothing now for me to do but play the game, and while I knew that I was not really in love with Robert, I was tremendously fond of him.

Charlie Chaplin Real Sheik of Hollywood

(Continued from page 9)

Something was said then as to Charlie's marrying again. He had just lately divorced Mildred Harris.

"Oh, I think Charlie loves to kid himself into thinking he is in love. I don't really believe Charlie will ever marry again. He used to tell me I was his mental affinity. We used to hold the most startling discussions on everything under the sun. I don't really think Charlie should marry unless a very exceptional person. He tires of people unless they constantly stimulate him mentally. And yet constant mental stimulation irritates him, too. He is the most difficult and the most charming man in the world."

Lovely Claire Windsor met Charlie at a party of movie folk one night given by Max Linder, which I, too, had the good fortune to attend. Miss Windsor was the prettiest thing I had ever seen, that night, in a white cloth dress and a red hat. Her gentle charm, her sweetness, the mystery of her big gray eyes and long eyelashes, at once engaged Charlie's attention. He danced with her, he made her ride in his machine, he concentrated all his winsomeness upon her. Naturally she was flattered. She wasn't so well-known then as she is now, and she was rather dazzled at the great little comedian's attentions.

BUT SHE confessed right afterward that it was far more than the comedian's position in the world that won her.

"He knows so well how to please a woman," is the way Claire put it. "He is attentive in just the right way. He doesn't tire you with his attentions. I don't think any woman ever really likes a cave man. She may submit sometimes for the sake of policy, but she doesn't really ever like those methods. Sometimes she likes men known as cave men, but it isn't the cave quality that wins her.

"'The way to keep a woman is to keep her guessing,' somebody said once. That is really Charlie's system. Not that he has any system consciously, I am sure. It all comes naturally to him. He is a delightful, gay boy, and women love that. Women are so awfully responsible themselves that they love irresponsibility.

"I shall always be glad I have had Charlie's love and friendship. He is a wonderful friend, too."

Young People Don't Take Marriage Seriously Enough

(Continued from page 7)

and it seemed another Ruth Roland, a more restrained, vital and intimate person.

"I could say something about marriage," she began gravely, in a low voice. "I think I know something about that."

"Then why," we asked casually, "do modern marriages fail? What is the reason that young people can't remain happily married as they did forty or more years ago?"

Again Miss Roland paused with her quiet air of thoughtful contemplation.

"I think," she said at length, "that it's because they don't take marriage seriously enough."

"That's fine!" we interjected.

"Yes," she continued, "that is precisely the reason—at least, in my opinion. The modern girl is full of great big ideas. She feels that a man is carpet under her feet, and placed there by a beneficent power to make things easy and comfortable in life for her.

"Perhaps in a larger sense she is right; but it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and the trouble with most young girls is that they are unwilling to give as well as take—spare as well as share.

"Oh, I've noticed it in a score of cases," she went on quickly. "On all sides, I see girls who have married and who are discontented because, as they see it, the world and their husbands are not doing enough for them in the material sense. It's much the same philosophy that the criminal possesses who claims that the world owes him a living.

"All of this," Miss Roland explained in a somewhat less severe tone, "may be attributed to the new woman movement that has given my sex such a tremendous consciousness of its identity in the social scheme of things. By this token, it may be a perfectly natural growth, or development.

"But I feel," she continued earnestly, "that, unless the average modern girl comes quickly to the realization that marriage is a mighty solemn business, in which both parties concerned are required to give and take equally, unhappy marriages in such disturbing numbers will continue to be."

And, all things considered, we think Miss Roland is just about dead right.

Why New York's Opinion Of Pictures Is Worthless

(Continued from page 8)

most part, the error that is chiefly made is an inability to guage the special viewpoint of the village in contrast to the city. Producers have thought—and in some instances still think—that the rural resident is only interested in pictures portraying elaborate cabaret scenes which feature the so-called night life of New York.

"I had an opportunity to observe the producers' point of view while I was president of Goldwyn. I wanted to do 'Potash and Perlmutter,' a picture I am now at last doing myself, and the Board of Directors opposed. They said it was 'too Jewish,' and that the country would not be interested. Well, we shall see. Personally, I think they were wrong."

The Greatest Thing Money Can Buy

(Continued from page 3)

of necessity, ruins creative work more than any other thing I know about. When I work, I try to put every slightest other consideration out of mind. The least shadow distracts me.

"I do believe that we all worry too much, as a slight digression. Fear is the saddest thing in the world. One lives in constant fear of what may happen tomorrow and so one fails to live joyously today. And there again, is what money can do. It can buy our fear away from us, to a very large extent.

"Beautiful things are the symbols of that peace of mind within which is the greatest thing money can buy or life bestow."

Meighan's Face Analysis

(Continued from page 18)

enjoyment of comfort, and point out a willingness to sacrifice much for peace of mind and body.

He dislikes worry, which is foreign to his other traits, but which is, nevertheless, present in his make-up. He is somewhat analytical and is inclined to puzzle over things in private. The lips have an optimistic twist and formation, but there is a faint tinge of bitterness about the mouth as if he had experienced much in life that has disillusioned him.

But through it all he has stuck to that ethical code, that old-fashioned set of moral and spiritual values, which I have been harping on, and which I believe to be one of the chief reasons for his film popularity.

This is why his public follows the pictured stories of his triumph and success. He represents that man who is commonly referred to as the "backbone of a nation"—not a thinker, not an artist, certainly not an unconventional Bohemian, or an exotic dealer in the perfumes of light love, but an everyday sort of man, with plenty of courage, an eye for the facts of life, an ability to tackle the obstacles with which we are all familiar, and, above all, those unconscious moral principles which guide the vast majority of persons in their classification of right and wrong.

This man is, to some extent, Thomas Meighan. There is no lightness, no gay Gallic dash about him, but rather a sober appreciation of the difficulties and rewards of life as it actually is. Virile he obviously is—every angle of the head is masculine—but his appeal is not a sex-appeal. Men who dislike over-imaginative situations and stories—such vehicles as John Barrymore plays in the films, for instance—and women who wish a renewed faith in the codes that have built civilization, will always find a satisfactory endorsement in the pictured personality of Thomas Meighan.

Former Ziegfeld Beauty Becomes Movie Star—On Stage

(Continued from page 11)

When you live a screen star on the stage, you soon find yourself holding opinions about screen stars. Thus Gladys Feldman is eager to assert that she believes that no star such as Beulah Baxter, with her affections and her lies, would be able to hold a position in real life for long.

"The screen star who lives on press agent yarns is soon found out by the public," she declared. "She can make the public believe in the illusion that she is all that is good and beautiful and courageous, for a time, but the well-known truth will out, and when it does, her reputation and her income suffer.

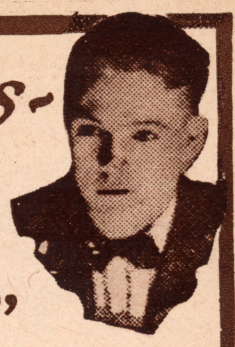
"In musical comedy a girl can get by for a time on her beauty and her personality. But I regard the screen as an artistic task, and I am glad that I have waited this long before launching myself into the screen market. I have had plenty of opportunities to become a movie actress, but, with one exception, I have never accepted any, because I felt that I should follow the natural lines of my career and not, like a plant that is forced and which soon withers, force myself on the public before I was ready to please."

And the Follies, the magical Follies?

"The Follies offer the most wonderful training to the earnest girl of any stage production. Not only does she meet the finest folk in the country, but she learns the exactions which the world places on beauty. The Follies are an admirable training school for life. No girl can work in the Follies for long without experiencing either personally or through her friends and associates all the varied emotions which life holds for a woman. Fame lies at the end of the rainbow for any Follies girl who looks up and see the rainbow. Oblivious follows for those who refuse to look up. The Follies are a test of ability and character."

A surprising speech for a Follies girl, you will say. But one that Gladys Feldman made in all sincerity. Her home, her surroundings, her earnestness are a token of the successful future that lies before her, when she has played Beulah Baxter for the last time, and makes an attempt to live her own life as a screen star.

EUGENIA FEINER Wires-



"Have wonderful part in Outlook's big picture. Playing opposite Lloyd Hughes, who was Mary Pickford's leading man in 'Tess of the Storm Country.' Mr. Harrison making good in comedy. Has already received offer from another company at good salary. Many thanks for giving me the opportunity to get started in pictures."
—EUGENIA FEINER.

WE HAVE A PART FOR YOU

In Outlook's $250,000 Production

"DANGEROUS LOVE"

Eugenia Feiner and O. V. Harrison were winners of The Cloverleaf Publications' big motion picture contest and were started on Movie careers. They are making good. We are looking for more new types, men, women and children, old and young, to play in Outlook's coming big feature—"Dangerous Love," based on Sinclair Lewis' Saturday Evening Post story, "Danger—Run Slow," to be made in Hollywood. We will pay $100 a week and expenses to start. If you want to get in motion pictures, join our next contest. For full particulars mail this ad in with your name and address written below.

F. A. KUBY,
Director,
Dept. 11. 55 E. 4th St.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars

Wm. Davis, M.D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

Fat Can Be Reduced in Just Two Ways

Medicines Are Worthless and Generally Harmful

Fat cannot be sweated out—the first drink of water you take after perspiring restores the lost weight—

Fat cannot be rubbed off—if rubbing did break it up it would simply float around the blood and be re-deposited elsewhere—

It cannot be squeezed out by rubber bands or corsets—massage furnishes a little exercise but squeezing has no effect at all.

The Real Solution Is Simple and It Works

Fat enters the body when food is consumed in excess of one's needs; it can be removed by lessening the fat making food intake or by muscular exercise. There is no other way for it to get in or get out.

All other ills of the body may sometimes fail to respond even when the best known methods are applied. Not so with obesity. The cause and elimination of obesity is a matter of mathematics and there is no argument about it.

In his New Book "HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT"
Bernarr Macfadden

gives you the complete regime for weight reduction including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises.

It is by all odds the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction that we have ever seen. Only 50c post-paid—send for it to-day.

Clip this ad—enclose with 50c and mail to us.

Or, if you prefer, we will enter your name for a full year's subscription to Physical Culture and send you a copy of "How to Reduce Weight" for only $3.10.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. MW-59, Macfadden Bldg., 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C.

PUT THIS WONDERFUL RING NEXT TO A GENUINE DIAMOND AND IF YOU CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE SEND IT BACK

"Rabon" diamonds positively match genuine diamonds. The same glitter. The same blazing flash, the same dazzling rays of live rainbow fire, almost defying the life time diamond expert. Give the "Rabon" the same test that you would a genuine diamond. Prove to yourself its amazing qualities.

WEAR A "RABON" DIAMOND TEN DAYS FREE. YOU RISK NOTHING. If you or your friends can tell the difference send it back and we guarantee to refund your money immediately. Numbers 8 and 9 mounted in 14 Karat gold shell. Numbers 5, 7 and 10 in massive platinum effect. Karat size, blue white, absolutely perfect. No. 10-2 Karat size. We unconditionally guarantee for twenty years.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send size of ring shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around your finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with the postman and if you decide not to keep it within ten days send it back and get your money.

FREE To introduce the amazing "Rabon" Diamond we will send absolutely free your choice of solid gold front cuff links or solid gold mounted scarf pin to those ordering two rings or more. This offer holds good for a limited time only. Send in your order today.

THE RABON CO. Dept. A 942 Bway, New York

CLASSIFIED ADS

Correspondence Courses

Correspondence school courses only one quarter original price. All subjects, for men or women. Free bargain catalogue 1000 courses. Used courses bought. Students' Exchange, 47 West 42nd St., New York.

Books

Birth Control, $2. Never Told Tales, $2. Sex Knowledge, $1.25, postpaid. Circular free. Welfare Book Co., Dept. M., 32 Union Square, N. Y.

WALLACE REID
—You Loved Him

You still catch yourself looking for his name featured at your local theatre. You miss his lovable smile—his superb acting. Wallace Reid was GREAT. Stars as great as he may come, but none will be greater.

To perpetuate his memory we have had a sculptor carve a bust of him. Duplicates of the original bust, 7 inches high and finished a beautiful statuary bronze may be had for only $3.75, postage paid by us. Send for one of these remembrances of the greatest of movie stars TODAY!

C. M. KILIAN STUDIOS 209 Miller Bldg. Atlanta, Ga.

FROM THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

comes the design for this delightful new lamp, Egyptian in style and finished in a beautiful combination of gold, gray, red and Luxor blue. Just the thing for your vanity, piano, buffet or dining table. Will add distinction to your home. Takes candelabra bulb as shown, or candle, so order whether you have electricity or not. Lamp is six inches across and six inches high. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Price
$5.98 each or
$11.00 pair
Postage prepaid.
Remit by check or money order

Send your order to to Dept. C.,
Unique Mfg. Co.
210 Miller Bldg.,
Atlanta, Ga.

A BEAUTIFUL BUST AND COMPLEXION

You may now remove ALL defects of **face** and **form** and add to your attractions, by simple, easy, harmless Method. No bathing, massage, appliances or trouble. No testimonials -- just proof.

Send 10¢ coin or stamps and I will tell you how, and give you a 14 day supply as proof, The dime back if you say so. Madame Williams-J. B. Williams Sanative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexian that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES
TURN YOUR TALENT INTO MONEY
Stories Wanted by Producers

A valuable money making field
Try it! Mail us an idea, in any form, at once for free examination and criticism. We give our honest services to amateurs who would convert their thoughts into dollars. No experience necessary.
Free booklet sent on request.
CO-OPERATIVE PHOTOPLAY STUDIO
Formerly Cosmopolitan
154 Nassau Street New York
Suite 624, Dept. A

NO MORE PIMPLES

PIMPLES positively removed. Quick remedy for all skin troubles. Send 10 cents for sample bottle. KLEARSKIN INSTITUTE, 100 N. Eutaw St., Desk F., Baltimore, Md.

10c.

Go West, Young Man!

(*Continued from page* 12)

with scorn. Poor amateurs they were, I thought, whereas I—I was an actor.

I was not attempting to be deliberately supercilious. You must remember that I was, after all, just a schoolboy, and I expected that a good many pretty girls would be in my audience.

Came the night of the show. The auditorium was crowded to over-flowing. I gazed admiringly at the program, saw my name scored in heavy type, walked on to the stage with all the firmness of step of Edwin Booth himself. I gazed from time to time over the audience, noting here and there a girl's eye upon me, admiring, I imagined, my splendid diction, my wonderful characterization, and even my personal becomingness. And the show, I concluded, was not only ably produced, but ably played, especially by myself. As the curtain fell and I went before it to receive what I considered an ovation, I felt I had won a great personal triumph. Perhaps these worthy San Diegoans might even be willing to back the efforts of one of their native sons to rise to fame, to bring back to this obscure high school something of the glory of the world-famous actor that I felt sure I was destined to be.

THE NEXT morning I went to call on O'Connor, my back prematurely sore from the slap of praise I expected to receive from him.

He was waiting for me, and he was not long in telling me what he thought of my performance.

"Well," I breathed, "how did you like it?"

"Like it!" he bellowed. "There may be worse actors in San Diego than you, Lloyd, but I have never seen them before."

I looked at him in astonishment. "You mean . . ."

"I mean just what I say. You got away with it last night because nobody expected anything better from a bunch of amateurs, but if you ever try to pull that stuff on a regular stage in a regular theatre, you would have to send for the Health Department to clean out the cabbages and the rotten eggs. Look here—"

He took me aside. He showed me where I had read one line wrong, where I had played another part wrong, where, in my eagerness to catch every admiring glance from every admiring flapper in the audience, I had neglected to give even a semblance of reality to my role.

He lectured me to a fare-thee-well. The toy balloon of my vanity exploded with a bang as he thrust the pin of criticism into it. That was my first swelled head and you may rest assured it was my last.

I went home that day crestfallen. The earth had slipped away beneath my feet. I stood on the edge of a precipice so far as my stage work was concerned, and I could not turn back. I respected O'Connor's advice. He was an actor of many years' experience, and he knew what he was doing. He knew that if anything was to become of me, I should have to forget myself once and for all, and submerge that self, lose it in my roles. I returned home and for a week did not recover from the blow he had struck me.

That blow, after all, was nothing as compared to the successive blows which now fell upon my father and myself. The stock company closed. I could earn no more money acting, for that summer, at least. The school term was at an end. O'Connor closed his dramatic school. To top it all, my father was equally affected by the summer and the intense heat. San Diegoans apparently did not eat in the summer time, for the few customers who entered the restaurant barely spent enough to pay the dish washers. We were up against it again. Our capital was gone, and I was just where I had started, the only difference being that I was now in San Diego, nearer the scene of my future triumphs than I had been in Omaha.

Those dismal days will always linger in my memory. Once we had really been poor. We had barely had clothes to our backs. I had had to go out in the streets and earn a few pennies a day. But then I had been a little boy. Work, as I have said, was no different from play.

NOW, however, I was a young man. I had clothes. I had had a taste of life. But neither myself nor my father had any money left. We could walk down the street and look as prosperous as von grocer who is the owner of a nice little car and who has a home of his own. No one would imagine, to look at us, that we were penniless. And I could not, as once I had, go out on the street and earn a few dollars sufficient to buy food and lodging. I was known in San Diego. I would have to earn money in a way that would suit the dignity my few miserable dramatic successes would earn for me.

We were in this strait one summer day when I took a long walk. That morning my father and I had held a council of war. We had considered our situation from every angle and had discovered that our funds would keep us only a few weeks longer. He went his way in an effort to obtain a job and I mine.

I walked that day about the city. Office jobs were possible, but barely probable, for I had had no experience in an office and could get only a very small salary. I had no mechanical experience, and thus could not offer my services at a garage or a machine shop. As for clerking, it was summer. The stores were deserted. Help was being laid off.

I walked about hopelessly. At last I decided to leave the city, to walk out into the open country, in the hope that the fields and the broad blue sky would free me from my worries and enable me to solve my problems.

There, in a most unlikely spot, down a country road, I found the solution.

The city ends abruptly with a few frame houses along the avenue on which I was walking. I came to a lane, and because it was tree-shadowed and pleasant, I bent my footsteps toward it. It emerged upon a broad green sward upon which I saw half a dozen figures running.

I stopped, breathless. What was happening? From what were these men running? An explosion? I had heard no noise. Were they playing a game? Apparently not. And they were so far away that I could not see whether they were engaged in some running race.

I decided to investigate. I walked on, across the field. Beyond a clump of bushes a man ran angrily toward me and shouted:

"Get out of there! You're spoiling everything!"

"Spoiling what?" I demanded. I was in an ugly mood and was ready for an argument.

"Shut up and come this way!" he ordered.

I followed him. Concealed behind the bushes was a motion picture camera and several men. Down the lane a ways I saw another group. I stood with the cameraman and the director, watched them signal the others, who were dressed, I now saw, in Indian attire, and who again dashed across the field as if in frenzied flight.

I BEGAN to talk to my newfound companions. They belonged to the Edison company, which was then at Balboa, and which had chosen this location near San Diego to make a Spanish picture. On the other side of the sloping field, beyond my view, some sets had been erected. On the morrow, they told me, they were to screen a fiesta, in which several hundred persons would appear.

"Do you think you can find a part for me?" I asked. "I have had quite a bit of dramatic experience, here and in Omaha."

"We need a bunch of extras," the assistant director told me. "Come around tomorrow."

This is the true story of how I got into the movies. The following morning I called at the local office of the manager of the company. I told him of my experience, of my knowledge of make-up, such as it was, and he engaged me to play the part of a Yaqui Indian. My salary was exactly three dollars a day.

The few dollars I earned in this way—the job lasted two weeks—actually bridged the gap for me. Before the Edison company left San Diego, I was able to find work with the Morosco stock company, which was sending a one-night stand company up the California coast. I was engaged to play character roles and then, for the first time in my life, I had a taste of comedy. I played the part of "Sample Switchen" in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

This company had poor success. It closed after a few weeks in small towns and coast resorts. But I had earned enough money to last for at least two months, and I returned to San Diego to meet my father.

Again we met in a council of war. I say council of war, for we were actually engaged in a war upon adverse conditions. We were then being forced to fight our way every minute of every day. We could not look to tomorrow with assurance.

(*Continued next week*)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2025

How You Can Make Money In Your Spare Time

By Learning to Play Your Favorite Musical Instrument This New Easy Way

"I BOUGHT a house and a lot, and paid $1,100 toward it; all earned through teaching piano," writes Mrs. Mary A. Olsen, 3715 Wadsworth St., Los Angeles, Cal. "I would not take $1,000 for my financial and social gain through your lessons. I don't know how you can give as much for so little. I think your method is just wonderful."

Mrs. Olsen is only one of more than three hundred thousand men, women and young people who have become accomplished musicians through this wonderful new method. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a system of amazing simplicity. Every step is made as clear as A. B. C. You don't have to know anything whatever about music. You learn to play your favorite instrument right in your own home, quickly, easily and without endless study and practice. Long before you now think it could ever be possible, you will actually play well enough to be in demand as a well-paid entertainer, teacher or musician.

A delighted 17 year old girl, Miss Jessie Theall of North Houston, Tex., writes, "My first six entertainments that I played the violin for, paid me $39.25, besides all the pleasure of playing for my friends."

$10 to $40 in Two Hours

A busy mother, Mrs. Anna M. Lewis of Northfield, Ohio, recently learned to play the violin in just the few odd moments she could spare from her household duties, and now earns many welcome dollars to help clothe and educate her four children. "At weddings and church socials I get from $10 to $40 for a couple of hours' playing," she writes. "I am invited everywhere, and my home is so much happier."

The new way is fun—not drudgery. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours and regular classes. You practice whenever you can, and learn as quickly as you please.

Save Months of Time

"I have learned to play better than many a conservatory student in easily one-eighth the time," writes Miss Kitty Breany, 154 Warren St., Paterson, N. J. "The lessons are so interesting that they seem almost like play. A lady I know spent $400 for a private teacher, but her playing cannot begin to compare with mine."

You can do what Miss Breany has done. Youngsters from 10 to 12 years have done it, and people as old as sixty have found new interest and enjoyment in learning to play a musical instrument. You don't have to listen while others entertain. You can be the talented person who is the center of attraction; who holds the audience fascinated; who wins the applause—and the dollars.

Plays in Orchestra and Band

"I am solo clarinet in a twenty piece band, (mostly old players)," writes Gerald O. Cairus, 20 High St., Walton, N. Y. "Also am member of an eighteen piece orchestra, whose director has studied in all the large conservatories of America and Germany. He was astonished when I told him how I learned to play."

"In three months I was playing saxophone in the High School orchestra. The fourth month I organized a profitable orchestra," writes George Johnson, 402 Newton St., Salisbury, Md. "And now, at college, I play in concerts of the Musical Club in New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, etc."

Three Months From Today You, Too, Can Play

Is it the piano that you wish to play, or the organ, violin, guitar, harp or cello? Do you want to learn to sing from notes? Are you eager to play "jazz" on the banjo, clarinet, saxophone, trombone, or the drums and traps? Does the cornet call to you, or the flute or piccolo? Would you love to learn the ukulele (the Hawaiian steel guitar)? Choose your favorite——and play it three months from today.

You will learn by notes—the only practical way for you to learn. There are no "numbers" and no "tricks" in this marvelous method. You learn to read your notes just as you are able to read the letters that make a word, and you will be able to recognize and play them so that they will make a melody. You learn harmonies like you learn phrases and expressions of speech and you learn time like you learn pronunciation.

Free Book and Sample Lesson Explain All—Send Today

Send for this free, valuable book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." It costs you nothing. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. Everyone interested in music ought to read the story of this wonderful new simplified method. With it will be sent a FREE Sample Lesson, which proves better than words how delightfully quick and easy this famous Print-and-Picture Method is.

It will tell you how you can make music a delightful hobby or a money-maker for your spare hours; how you can take the first steps to a profitable musical career if you are dissatisfied with your present life work; how you can be a social favorite, and go everywhere or have fun at home; how you can do these delightful things quickly, easily and at a cost so low that it will surprise you.

U. S. SCHOOL STUDENT WINS $1,000.00 PRIZE

"I have completed my two years' course of music on the Cornet and am ready for my Certificate. I am a student at New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

"I won my tuition with my horn for this year, worth $1,000.00. Will also make it for 1924.

"I am a member of the School Band. For reference you can write there. I took up the Baritone at midyear to give the band better service. I can fill the place of many of the players with three valve instruments.

"I expect to make my living out of Music when through school.

"HARRY W. FULTON,"
512 Pruner St., Osecola Mills, Pa."

Special Short-Time Offer

This Free Book also tells about a Special Short-time Offer now being made to music-lovers. Mail the coupon at once for your copy. Remember, it obligates you in no way whatever. It is FREE! Act now before the supply is exhausted.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3066 Brunswick Building :: New York City

Please write Name and Address plainly so that there will be no difficulty in booklet reaching you.

LEARN TO PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT

Piano	Flute	Ukulele
Organ	Saxophone	Harp
Violin	'Cello	Cornet
Drums and Traps	Harmony and Composition	Piccolo
Banjo	Sight Singing	Trombone
Tenor Banjo	Guitar	Voice and Speech Culture
Mandolin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar	Automatic Finger Control
Clarinet		

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3066 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," Free Lesson, and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....
(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Every Music Lover Should Have This Amazing FREE Book

Hundreds of happy musicians all over America have helped to write this absorbing, inspiring book. You will read the fact-stories of dozens of people situated just as you are today. Their actual personal experiences are wonderful proof that your success can be equally great. You will be amazed and delighted to see how marvelously the New Method has reduced the intricacies of music to such astonishing ease and simplicity. The book is FREE—but you should send for it right away before all copies may be gone!

Only 97¢
—to lose 30 pounds in 30 Days!

That is all it will cost you—and you don't even have to pay that now! You lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS' TRIAL to PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

Mrs. Denneny before she used the new method. Weight, 240 pounds.

Mrs. Denneny after she used the new method. Weight, now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

Loses 74 Pounds—Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7¼ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) *Mrs. Mary J. Denneny,*
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.

John Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds.

John Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

Loses 104 Pounds—Reduces Waistline 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waistline 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all avoirdupois ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) *John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.*

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman the day she started reducing the new way.

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman eight days later. Note the wonderful improvement.

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep. But now I go to sleep as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from 8 to 9 hours. I feel better than I have for months."

(Signed) *Mrs. Geo. Guiterman,*
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

TAKING off excess weight by this new method is the easiest and quickest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless and really fascinating. Almost like magic it brings a slender, graceful, supple figure and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable.

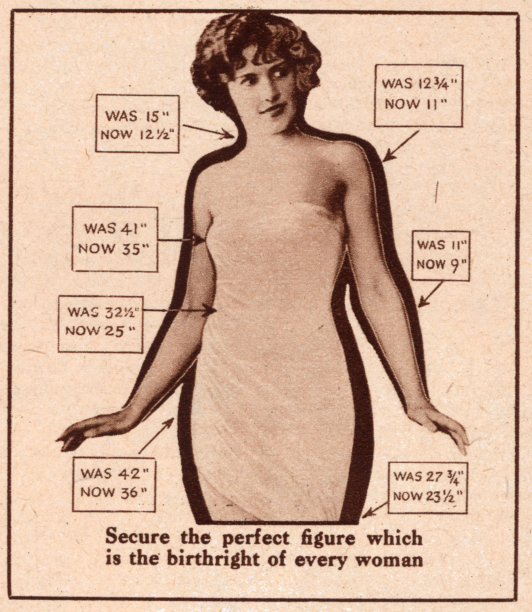
Reduce Fast—Slowly

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But it remained for Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method. He found that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations *cause* fat; other *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself!



Secure the perfect figure which is the birthright of every woman

Ten Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight into an interesting course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for everyone to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course to anyone sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon Is Worth $1.00 to You Now

Those who reduce rapidly are usually so enthusiastic that they cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth $1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have to pay $1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97c plus the few cents postage and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method, you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient, you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method, or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. Mail the coupon NOW. CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. W-2056, 47 West 16th St., New York City.

This Coupon Is Worth $1.00 to You

(Under Conditions Named Below)

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY.
Dept. W-2056, 47 West 15th St., New York City.

Without money in advance, you may send me in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth $1.00 (ONE DOLLAR) on my purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives I will pay the postman only 97 cents (plus a few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, having my 97 cents refunded if I am not surprised with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....
(Please write Plainly)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

WHY CHARLIE CHAPLIN IS SO FASCINATING TO WOMEN

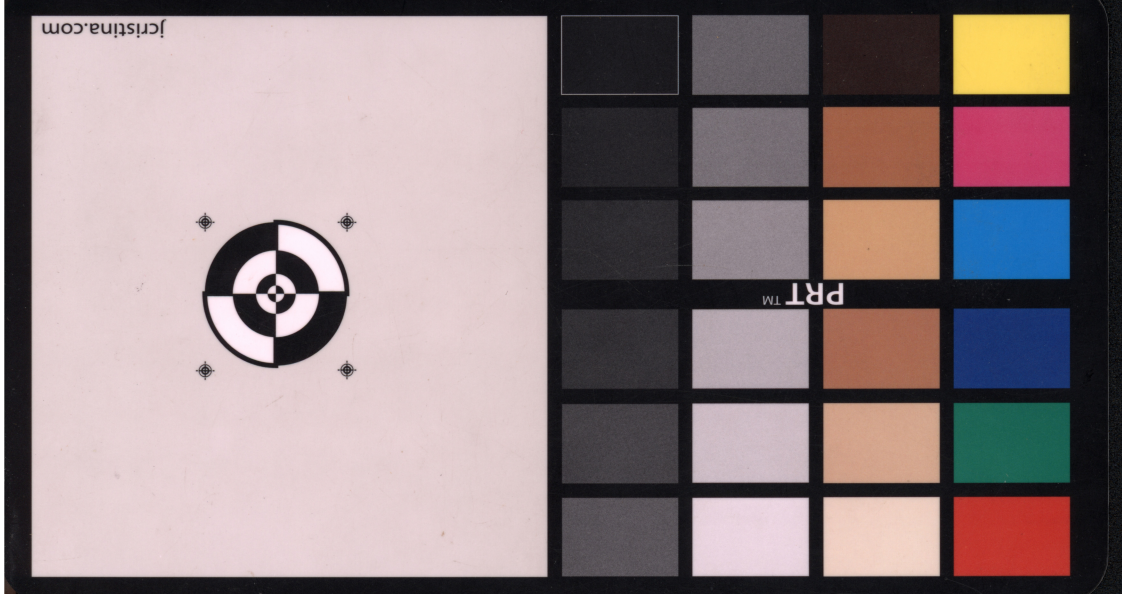
MOVIE WEEKLY

JUNE 9, 1923

TEN CENTS

Why I Love Money
by
MAE MURRAY

Ann Pennington

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2025